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Jim's Western Gems

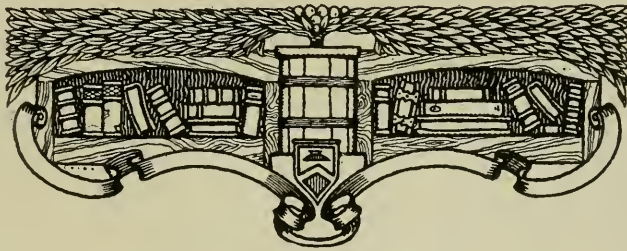


By The
UNDISCOVERED POET OF THE WEST
1913

JIM'S WESTERN GEMS

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UNDISCOVERED POET OF THE WEST



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JAMES J. SOMERS
Composer

FOREWORD.



O the reader of this book of poems the author wishes to say that the verses contained herein were written at various times and under various conditions during the past thirty years, and were not intended for publication at the time of writing. However, at the earnest solicitation of a large number of friends who had read some of my productions, I have been induced to publish the same in book form together with some photographs taken in connection therewith, and trust that this book will be received with the knowledge and understanding that its author is not by any means a poet in all that the word implies, but a farmer, having started farming on a government claim in North Dakota with a hoe (I still have the hoe) in the year 1900, and wrote the following verses with little thought or study, as the occasion was suggested to me, (some of these poems were composed in thirty minutes' time).

I wrote my first piece of poetry when I was twelve years of age and have been writing more or less ever since. Have also composed several songs with their music and hope to publish the same in the near future, among which I might mention the following: "I am Going Back to Western Prairie Land," "I'd Rather Be a Farmer Than a Multi-millionaire," "My Josephine, My Western Queen," "The Zenith of the West," "If That Little Blue Eyed Babe Was Only Mine," etc., and if the reader has found any pleasure in perusing these pages of poetry as "she is writ" the author will feel that his labors have not been in vain.

JAMES J. SOMERS.

Minneapolis, March, 1913.

SOMERS ONE OF OUR FOREMOST POETS.

Poems Appear in Some of Our Best Magazines—The Outing Published One of the Best Ones.

Ward County Independent, Minot, N. D.

With the removal of Jimmie Foley, the famous Bismarck poet, to the east, where he can better handle his journalistic work, J. J. Somers of this city, who stands in the same class with Mr. Foley, can now lay claim to being North Dakota's foremost poet.

Mr. Somers is writing poetry all the time; that is, when the inspiration strikes him, for he writes on the impulse of the moment. Often an idea upon which he has been dwelling for months comes to him all in a moment, and he drops whatever work he may be doing, and lets nothing interfere with his penning his thoughts. Mr. Somers has written enough poems to fill quite a large volume, and this will soon be published. His poetry is largely on the humorous order, for "Jim" can see a joke in nearly everything. His best poems portray the life of the North Dakotan in his true light, for Mr. Somers gave up a thriving grocery business in Minneapolis to come out to North Dakota and take up a homestead "Along the Minot Trail," forty miles north of this city. This was six years ago and having small means he "farmed with a hoe," doing some extraordinary good trucking. He was not afraid of honest work, and made the prairie blossom like the rose. His hospitable farm home was always open to friends and hundreds and hundreds enjoyed themselves at Jim Somers' homestead.

Mr. Somers has the famous hoe of which he has written so often in his better poems, and last week he went to his old homestead, near Maxbass, especially to get his faithful old friend. He has given it a prominent place in his room in this city and will soon have it silver plated. He brought the hoe down on the train and did not make any effort to conceal it. The idea of a man carrying a hoe at this time of the year thought the occupants of the coaches. One ventured to ask Mr. Somers what he was doing with the hoe so early in the year. Jim just chuckled and said, "Well, I'm going down to Minot, and as politics are warming up here, I may find it necessary to do a little weeding."

Two years ago Jim took considerable interest in Bottineau county politics and happened to be on the "other side of the fence" politically from Peter Scott, editor of the Bottineau Courant at that time. Scott wrote of him:

"The juggler of words and disher of hash who calls himself the critic poet of North Dakota has gone to raising garden truck in the summer, and Hades in general in the winter, just to keep things warm."

This, of course, was uncalled for, and Jim sat down one evening and wrote the following about the audacious editor:

Retaliation.

GREAT SCOTT.

I am no juggler of words,
Or no lover of birds
That resemble the sandhill crane.
I'm no hasher of hash,
Or don't wax my moustache,
Or I have no disease of the brain.

I'm no critic of Dakota,
I have wrote in Minnesota,
And I have scribbled in Iowa, too.
Great Scott, you're not posted,
You ought to be roasted—
Have you heard of the road called the Soo?

I haven't gone trucking,
Or I haven't gone glucking,
Like some poor, old eggless hen.
I haven't gone crowing,
I have kept right on hoeing—
And that's no political sin.

For years I've been hoeing,
And garden truck growing,
And am quite reconciled to my fate.
Your free advertising
Is somewhat surprising—
Great Scott, I must reciprocate.

The Hades in the winter
I'd prefer to a printer
Confined in the shades of Bottineau.
To keep the Courant running
With news that is slumming—
Great Scott you're away up in Q.

If I'm keeping things warm,
I don't need to reform;
Some need applications quite hot.
If this don't explain
I will make it more plain
For my most humble servant—Great Scott.
Scott failed to make reply to this.



Farming with a hoe in the Mouse River Loop.

Mr. Somers naturally endured hardships in the early days when he rode in all kinds of weather forty miles to his homestead. He tells a nice little story of his homestead life in the following verses, which the editor of the *Outing*, one of the best known magazines in the United States, thought was good enough to publish with many favorable comments:

ALONG THE MINOT TRAIL.

I am one of the Pioneers
Of North Dakota State;
At Hill's request I came out west
In search of real estate.
I filed along the Cut Bank creek,
Just forty miles from rail,
And I started farming with a hoe
Along the Minot trail.

There wasn't any Westhope then;
We had no hopes at all;
It was a long time after
That I heard about Mohall.
We had to go to Bottineau
Or Minot for our mail,
Until they started Renville,
Along the Minot trail.

The hardships that we did endure,
From hunger and from cold,
I haven't time to tell you,
Or it never will be told.
To start from Minot with a load
And face a northwest gale,
It would break your heart, right on the start,
Along the Minot trail.

Sometimes we'd stop at Christopher's,
More times at Half Breed Lake;
Sometimes they'd have no room for us
At the place we tried to make.
We'd drive on to some other shack,
Through rain, through snow, or hail;
I have had the blues from wading sloughs—
Along the Minot trail.

ALONG THE MINOT TRAIL (continued)

And when we'd reach our old sod shacks,
With none to greet us there,
A meal of bacon and dough jacks
We quickly would prepare.
We'd think about our old sweethearts,
And hoped we would not fail
To win a wife to cheer our life
Along the Minot trail.

The rivers, they were far apart,
And a well was something new.
It often tickled us to find
Some water in a slough.
I used to have a demijohn—
I called it ginger ale—
Once in a while we'd take a smile
Along the Minot trail.

The only fuel we knew about
Was prairie hay and straw;
From November until April
We never had a thaw.
I often thought I'd rather be
In some good, warm jail,
While twisting hay, both night and day,
Along the Minot trail.

And when a blizzard would begin,
You ought to see it snow!
'Twould make your hair stand pompadour,
The way the wind would blow.
And if you ventured from your shack
Your death would tell the tale;
No more you'd see your sod shanty
Along the Minot trail.

And when the snow would disappear
The gophers would begin;
They'd eat up everything we sowed,
And then we'd sow again.
If I could scheme some new device
To kill the flickertail,
I might stand a show with my old hoe
Along the Minot trail.

The flying ants are another pest
That would drive a man back east;
They'd light on you by millions,
And upon you they would feast.
Your clothes would not protect you—
Right through them they would sail:
They would sting and chew you black and
blue—
Along the Minot trail.

But we've railroads now on every side,
And rumors of some more,
And people, hunting after land,
Are coming by the score.
And when I go to Minot now,
I go around by rail;
But I don't forget the friends I met
Along the Minot trail.

I haven't gone to Canada,
Though I'm tired of paying freight;
They say there are grafters over there,
And just as high a rate.
So, if by chance, you come this way,
You will be welcome without fail,
To where I'm farming with a hoe
Along the Minot trail.

In a more jubilant strain this poet sung a
sequel to his tale of stress and woe:

There's no corporation,
Can dictate our ration,
For strikes or for boycotts
We don't care a whoop.

His muse sings a top note of triumph in
these lines, where it is fitting that we leave
him:

The gophers we've banished,
The shacks have all vanished,
Except for an old odd one
That's used as a coop;
On each claim there's a mansion
Where stockmen were ranchin
Just four years ago
In the Mouse River Loop.



A North Dakota Pioneer's Sod Shack.

TIRED OF PAYING FREIGHT.

I live three miles from Renville,
Along the Minot trail.
I'm getting tired of paying freight
On everything but mail.
My mail I get in bunches,
From two to six days late;
If I could get it regularly,
I'd gladly pay the freight.

I've paid the freight on paper bags,
And blotting paper too;
I've paid the freight on postage stamps,
And thresh bills overdue;
I figured that the Mohall road
Would make a cheaper rate;
But I must pull for Canada,
Or keep on paying freight.

I went into Jacobson's
To buy some binding twine;
He said 'twas 19 cents a pound,
And the quality was fine.
I showed him T. M. Robert's list:
'Twas nineteen minus eight;
Then Jacobson, he grabbed his pen,
To figure up the freight.

I've paid the freight on kerosene,
That wouldn't show no light;
I've paid the freight on gasoline,
And also on lignite;
I'm burning home-made candles now,
And never sit up late;
If I had grown up daughters, sure
I'd go broke paying freight.

My wife went up to Renville
To buy some common thread;
And when they said ten cents a spool,
Of course her face turned red.
Mr. Freeman heaved a sigh,
While Staub says, "If you wait,
I might make some reduction,
When I figure out the freight."

I went to pay my threshing bill
At the Lansford First State Bank;
The note was three days overdue,
So he filled another blank,
And when I kicked on fifteen cents,
For being three days late,
Says Engelbrecht, "Please don't forget,
Those bank checks come by freight."

I've paid sixty cents for pepper,
And five cents a pound for salt;
I paid express on two shipments,
Of good old Duffy's malt,
I called at the Great Northern
And got one empty crate,
And then I swore I'd ship no more
By express or by freight.

I left my pony three days
At a Glenburn livery barn;
If they had fed him plenty hay,
I wouldn't have cared a darn.
It was the rankest hold-up
That I ran against of late;
He taxed me just three dollars,
So it must have been the freight.

TIRED OF PAYING FREIGHT (continued)

If I had to fight contests,
Like others that I know,
I'd try another remedy
That wouldn't act so slow;
You sly old Mack, you've learned the knack
Of gobbling real estate;
With nerve and bluff you've made enough
To pay the bloomin' freight.

There's another man in Mohall—
His actions I don't like.
He'd better go a little slow,
Or he'll go down the pike.
I've heard a lot of people say
If he don't change his gait,
He'd wake up in new quarters,
Where he'd be thru paying freight.

I've paid the freight on threshing rigs
That couldn't thresh wild hay;
And I've paid for threshing flax
The wind had blown away;
Next fall I'll get myself a flail,
Although they're out of date—
I'll have a corner on the wind,
And also on the fright.

Some grain men on the Mohall branch
Have made the farmers sore;
If they had given honest weight
We wouldn't make a roar;
They pay starvation prices,
Then soak you on the weight;
Besides they dock you just enough
To pay Jim Hill the freight.

I have paid the freight on wrapping twine,
And wrappers on cigars;
I paid the freight on Minot flour
That never saw the cars.
When a North Dakota business man
Raps at the Golden Gate,
St. Peter will say, "Go tither way,
You've tampered with the freight."

So, now, I'm off for Canada,
Where freight is not so high;
I'm very, very sorry,
To bid Jim Hill good-bye,
I hope that other Mossbacks
Will this subject agitate,
Until they get another road
That will reduce the freight.

I'D RATHER BE A FARMER THAN A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

1st.

You may talk about your pleasure
In the good old summer time,
And the winter months of leisure
In some Sunny Southern clime;
But out on the Western prairie
You'll always find me there,
More happy and contented
Than a multimillionaire.

(Chorus.)

I listen to the chickens,
As they cackle in the barn;
I listen to a neighbor
Spin an oldtime home-spun yarn,
As I stroll through grove and garden,
And breathe the scented air,
I'd rather be a farmer
Than a multi-millionaire.

2nd.

Some people long for city life,
For diamonds and for silk,
For butterine, o'margerine,
Condemned and condensed milk;
With gas and smoke they almost choke,
Mixed in with impure air,
So I'd rather be a farmer
Than a multi-millionaire.

3rd.

There is John D. Rockefeller,
With his millions in the box;
J. J. Hill and Harriman,
The Morgans and the Knox;
Tho they dictate our politics,
Freight rates and railway fare,
I'd rather be a farmer
Than a multi-millionaire.

4th.

There is Jay Gould and the Vanderbilts,
And Andrew Carnegie,
To keep from jail some big fish sail
To Europe o'er the sea;
Through one man rule we get our fuel—
He's a Pennsylvania Bear—
But I'd rather be a farmer
Than that multi-millionaire.

5th.

We don't make big donations
Of other people's gold,
And when election time comes around
We can't be bought or sold;
We're as free and independent
As the bird that flies the air;
So I'd rather be a farmer
Than a multi-millionaire.

6th.

We don't call the state militia
In a boycott or a strike;
We never get run over
By an auto or a bike;
We're never caught on fire escapes
Away up in the air—
An appropriate position
For a multi-millionaire.

7th.

We never join some great combine
To rob our fellow men;
We don't donate to charity
To cover up our sin;
And when the race of life is run,
And there's plenty of room down there—
I'd rather be a hayseed
Than a multi-millionaire.

THE VALLEY OF TEARS.

Every true heart loves another true heart,
If some other true heart only knew;
But fond hearts oft meet with a heart of deceit,
When they long for a heart that is true.
When the honeymoon's o'er, they are loved
ones no more,
Tho they have been sweethearts for years;
In sorrow each day their fond hopes fade
away,
As they pass through the Valley of Tears.

My advice to you now is be true to each vow,
'Tis the duty of husband and wife;
Some kind act each day cheers the heart on
its way,
And smoothens the rough path of life.
Deceit's loving tune leads the world on to
ruin,
And when fond hope of joy disappears,
True hearts filled with grief weep in vain
for relief,
As they pass through the Valley of Tears.

CHORUS.

Let each loving heart shun 'deceit's cruel
dart—
Don't think they're all sweet loving dears—
Just one friend, many foes, many thorns, just
one rose,
As we pass thru the Valley of Tears.

I AM GOING BACK TO WESTERN PRAIRIE LAND.

I am thinking of the land of health and sun-
shine,
And the balmy air out on the western plain,
Where every man is free and independent—
I am going to the land of golden grain;
When the winter's robe is fading from the
sunbeams,
And every stream flows like the Rio Grande,
I'll be there to see the green blades sprouting,
For I'm going back to western prairie land.

I long to see the fields of flax in blossom,
And breathe the fresh and balmy scented
air;
I am going for I hear the ravens calling,
When the gophers whistle, I'll be there,
On the fast mail to the west I'll soon be going,
I long to hear the tunes of nature's band;
I fancy I can see the green fields waving,
Oh, take me back to western prairie land.

CHORUS.

When the meadow larks are singing in the
morning,
And you feel the hot and balmy Chinook
breeze,
When the prairie chickens croon their spring-
time warning,
And the buds and blossoms decorate the
trees;
When the robins warble sweetly in the mead-
ow,
And the buttercups tell spring-time is at
hand;
I'll be there to greet the birds and blossoms,
For I'm going back to western prairie
land.



WHEN THE SAP BEGINS TO RUN.

When the snow begins to thaw,
And the crows begin to caw,
It brings me back to days long, long ago;
How my heart would fill with glee,
As I tapped the maple tree,
And hurried home to let my mother know.
She would empty the milk pans,
And hunt up the other cans,
Then I thought of eating syrup with a bun;
I would wade right through the snow,
With my red-top boots, you know—
In spring-time, when the sap began to run.

I can hear the pheasant drum,
As I'd pick the chewing gum
From the cedar balsam or the spruce;
And the woodcock I can see,
Picking at the hollow tree—
It makes me feel as homesick as the deuce.
I see father making spiles,
I see black ash troughs in piles,
And near the camp a muzzle loading gun;
I can see the camp fire bright,
As we'd boil, both day and night—
In the spring-time when the sap begins to
run.

A big maple, black as jet,
Was my own favorite pet;
It's sap was sweet as honey from the bee;
I can see its flakey bark,
And its trough full after dark,
Sometimes it used to run too fast for me.
On a Sunday I can see
A taffy pulling bee
Of neighbor boys and girls to have some
fun;
The taffy on the snow
Brings back the joys of long ago—
In the spring-time when the sap begins
to run.

THE MORGAN OF THE WEST.

We've got a panic in the west—
They've done the job complete;
The banks won't issue currency,
Grain men won't buy our wheat.
If you want information
While Wall Street makes the test,
Call in and ask Jim Bulger,
The Morgan of the West.

I know that Jim will tell you
To hold fast to your cash,
And pay all debts you owe with checks
While Wall Street wilds the lash.
Other men may give you tips
To do what they think best,
But I'll take mine from Bulger—
The Morgan of the West.

He is better posted on finance
Than any man I know;
His closest friends were money kings.
In panics long ago;
So, if you're up against it, boys,
Keep cool, pull down your vest,
But keep in touch with Bulger—
The Morgan of the West.

Our friend, J. J. Somers, writes from the Mesaba iron range saying they had a long cold winter and asks if the zero scales have fallen off Tom Hasting yet, if so, he may wander back again. The following skit is from his pen:

George Getschel is a harness man
As you are all aware,
And when he heard of Morgan
He shuffled back his hair.
He says if there's a panic on
For money I'm not pressed,
And with a scoff George says call off
The panic in the west.

His cash sales are increasing,
While others shake with fear,
He says he doesn't understand
Why people act so queer.
Dan Kippen and Jos. Coghlan
For cash they did invest,
Perhaps that's why George does defy
The panic in the west.

So here's to Geo. J. Getschel,
The man with all the mon,
In future days great men will praise
The work George J. has done.
While Morgan he was napping,
George feathered up his nest.
Our hats we'll doff since George called off
The panic of the west.

WHEN THE MEADOW LARK WARBLER HER TUNE.

As I look at the snow and feel twenty below,
I long for the sweet scented breeze;
I long for the spring when the meadow larks
sing
As they perch in the green sprouting trees.
I see lambs in the flock; I see a chicken
hawk;
I see visions of May and June.
Other joys disappear as I fancy I hear,
The meadow lark warbling her tune.

REFRAIN.

The warble of the meadow lark,
Is the tune I love to hear;
At break of day, in the month of May,
It fills my heart with cheer.
On the budding bough I see her now,
From early morn till noon.
As the chinook breeze fans the willow trees,
She warbles her sweet tune.

I hear the ducks quack; I hear the chicken-
eggs crack,
As the old hen acts mighty like bruin;
As they peep through the shell, their soft
cheep I can tell,
From the meadow lark warbling her tune.
I see geese in the pond and cow-slips in the
lawn,
I hear the grouse and the prairie-hens croon,
I see buds on the tree; I hear a bumble bee,
As the meadow lark warbles her tune.

I see robin red breast gathering hay for her
nest,
And the chipmunk and gopher as soon,
As the lark makes a cheep to disturb their
long sleep,
As she warbles her charming sweet tune.
Let me see Jenny wren and the pee wee
again,
Let me pick the May flowers until June,
Other charms fade away as I list to the lay,
Of the meadow lark warbling her tune.

THE ZENITH OF THE WEST.

They may sing about Killarney's lakes,
And the little shamrock shore,
Where the River Shannon gently flows,
Arrah Gra Machre Asthore.
When but a tot, a charming spot
Filled me with joy and zest—
Duluth you are the brightest star—
The Zenith of the West.

They may sing of bonnie Scotland,
And the heather in the glen;
Let Harry Lauder sing in praise
Of the Highlands and his kin;
But let me dream of that beauty stream,
And the scenes that I love best,
Where Lester flows in sweet repose,
Through the Zenith of the West.

So let them sing of other lands,
But I will sing of mine,
As I go sailing "Round the Horn,"
While the silvery moon doth shine.
O take me back to Fond du Lac,
Where my true love I caressed;
I loved her there for she's as fair
As the Zenith of the West.

Come out with me for a "joy ride"—
Come for a row or sail;
Then after dark see Lester Park—
See the "Aerial" without fail.
Take the "Incline" for a sight sublime;
When you reach the mountain crest,
The electric rays will you amaze,
In the Zenith of the West.

Though I have wandered far away,
In other lands so fair,
Dear old Duluth, I ne'er forgot,
None could with you compare.
In future days I'll sing your praise,
For you have stood the test.
In 1916 we'll crown her queen—
The Zenith of the West.

The nights are cool in summer time,
Each day there comes a breeze,
So balmy and refreshing from
The Queen of unsalted seas.
Duluth for health, Duluth for wealth,
And when I'm laid to rest,
Just, let me sleep near Superior's deep,
In the Zenith of the West.

CHORUS.

Come for a stroll, where the white caps roll,
To the place where you confessed
To be my bride, my joy and pride,
In the Zenith of the West.

DAKOTA'S GOLDEN GRAIN.

I will sing you a song of the busy throng,
On the prairies of the west, where every man
does what he can;
In the way that he thinks best, the quicker
you sow,
The sooner 'twill grow! our neighbor is rais-
ing cane;
He is up with the sun, and he's now half done,
Sowing Dakota's Golden Grain.

Dakota's Golden Grain; oh, let me see again;
That waving sea looks good to me, in sun-
shine or in rain;
The gopher's bark and the meadow lark, or,
let me hear again
As the summer breeze fans the willow trees
and Dakota's Golden Grain.

Be careful how you set your plow,
Don't be lazy with the drag;
Don't leave a gap, but let it lap;
Don't let the lead team lag;
Twenty miles each day is the safest way;
Lost time don't rush to gain—give the horse
a show—
While you hustle to sow Dakota's Golden
Grain.

The prairie green is a charming scene
From May until July, no grander sight
Could man invite to view with naked eye;
Then every grove looks good by jove,
That's scattered o'er the plain; take a tip from
me,
It's a sight to see Dakota's Golden Grain.

Now Mr. Mossback, don't be so slack;
Did you read J. J. Hill's letter; it is up to you
You must skidoo or farm a whole lot better;
Enforce the foul seed law and scatter your
straw
Before you burn it again; don't commit such
a sin,
Or don't stubble it in—it's Dakota's Golden
Grain.

My Eastern friend, come out and spend one
summer in the West,
Where the binder's hum bids the workmen
come and feather up his nest;
That waving sea looks good to me at sunset
on the plain,
Let us sing in praise of the harvest days and
Dakota's Golden Grain.

DAKOTA'S GOLDEN GRAIN (continued)

When the grain is in shock and the chicken hawk soars low in searching prey;
Every farmer waits for the thing he hates, what he calls threshing day;
For it's rush, rush, rush, with every man; that's not why we complain;
It's the threshing rig that wastes the big plump, Dakota's Golden Grain.

When the separator grinds and the farmer finds some kernels in the stack,
The separator man regulates the fan or gives the blower more slack,
Then the engineer's sharp whistle you'll hear that gives tanky a pain,
Then he toots and screams for the bundle teams, for the grain tanks he whistles in vain;
Boys, let her pound, run it on the ground—it's Dakota's Golden Grain.

The law now reads that no foul seeds shall mature on our soil;
If that was true every man of you would wear a broader smile;
The threshing rig don't care a fig for the farmer or law 'tis plain,
Every bundle rack leaves a foul seed track through Dakota's Golden Grain.

When the cook car cook looks for a brook, instead of alkali,
And the boys rush in and grab their tin and two big hunks of pie;
When the breakfast call don't wake them all you'll hear the cook complain,
With a club he'll jar the sleeping car, every man takes to the grain.

When the dinner yell brings the boys pell mell, Mr. Oiler takes a wash;
Don't spare that soap, or we'll get a rope and string you up by gosh;
Don't talk as loud as a thunder cloud, take a treatment for the brain;
Cut out that slang, or we will you hang with hemp from the Golden Grain.

Threshing is over now and the big steam, Joy Wilson or Hart Parr gasoline,
Makes the fields look black, and from each strawstack the smoke and flames are seen;
Each day brings mail with the one sad tale that would drive a man insane,
Your bill is overdue, bring in a load or two of Dakota's Golden Grain.

On all the roads you'll see big loads with two and four horse teams,
For the elevator and the speculator, with all their tricks and schemes,
Then the farmer pays with a smile and says I am square with the world again;
His balance shows we've the soil that grows Dakota's Golden Grain.

Work on boys, work; don't kick or shirk, be as patient as you can,
And the good Lord will you reward—be an upright, honest man,
And wear a smile, for in a short while we may never meet again,
In that good old state where we celebrate with the gold from the Golden Grain.



THE YOUNG OLD TIMERS' BALL.

(Song—Written at Duluth, 1912.)

I got a bid for to attend
An invitation dance;
The name it did appeal to me,
So I said I'll take a chance.
Ed Harper introduced me
To the fair sex in the hall,
They waltzed through the "rye" with Ed and I
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

The hall was decorated
In the very neatest style;
Purple and white, to daze the sight,
Every lady wore a smile;
I had a promenade with one fair maid,
The sweetest of them all;
She is just the size to take the prize,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

All the ladies wore bouquets,
They all looked good to me;
And Blewett's band played something grand,
All their sweetest melody.
They served refreshments all night long,
That seemed to please them all;
'Twas a dandy lunch with a bowl of punch,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Fred Lindbeck wore his pleasing smile,
And you know—in a way—
That's just what takes with most the girls,
They say Fred is O. K.
Billy Harvey said he couldn't waltz,
But that was just a stall;
In each quadrille, he danced to kill,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Joe Miller is a model man,
A home man so to state;
He loves his charming wife and babe,
He never stops out late.
Ed Thompson is a ladies man—
He gave bouquets to them all—
He let in two Harvey wouldn't let through—
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Al Johnson played a winning hand,
But not at seven up;
He made an expert waiter,
With a little cut glass cup.
Steve Cody, a cousin of Buffalo Bill,
A thirty-second, that's all;
He doffed his fur and his feet did stir,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Iver Seasted, the Walla Walla King,
And promoter of a mine,
With a lady stole up to the bowl
That was filled with punch and wine.
Frank Dardis took a chance or two,
With a lady friend quite tall,
He's a ladies man, for he used a fan,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Jack Lindbeck was right on deck,
With his cute lady chum;
Tho he don't drink, his friends all think,
He touched the punch up some.
Lyons made a catch, 'twill be a match—
She's as pretty as a doll;
We will drink to Al and his little pal
At the next Old Timers' Ball.

Billy McCullen sold the tickets,
And he played his part first class;
One welcome friend a hand did lend,
'Twas a bottle, not a lass.
It was easily seen that Al Loifgren
Had distinguished relatives call,
Him or his friend could not attend
The Young Old Timers' Ball.

Mannie Swanstrom hustled some,
His tickets for to sell;
You bet that Mannie didn't return any,
For he knows the business well.
Axel Erickson, of fame, took a hand in the
game,
He brought a maid rather small;
And Al Olson looked cute, in his full dress
suit,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

The Silver King brought his best girl,
But he disappointed two;
Jim said he didn't think they'd care,
But they felt mighty blue.
We all know Jim is liberal,
He would like to take them all,
But he shook the rest and took his best
To the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Billy McKee, the trout man, see,
He didn't care to dance,
But he had his eye on every guy
That at his girl did glance.
Andy Otterson waltzed his girl
To the corner of the hall;
He bowled up strong, the whole night long,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Louie Birch furnished the punch,
And Moxie dished it out;
They are the boys that should get the praise—
They are princes without doubt.
Ed Miller danced till 4 a. m.,
He got no sleep at all.
George Lang said, "Dear Miss, home is noth-
ing like this,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball."

I'll mention four old timers,
For fear you might forget,
If the music hadn't stopped,
They would be dancing yet:
Bob Harper, Doc Davis, Capt. Stevens and
Shaw,
Are the ones I can recall;
They danced so gay, till the dawn of day,
At the Young Old Timers' Ball.

Young Old Timers' Second
Annual Picnic at Birchwood
June 23rd, 1912



Young Old Timers of Duluth Minn.

A SAD APPEAL.

(Written in Minneapolis, 1895.)

I.

Now, husband, dear, you're growing old,
And feeble, too, they say;
Those curly locks that won my heart
Are turning now to gray;
And those blue eyes, I think I see
Them smiling on me still,
As oft they did in days gone by,
While mine with tears do fill.

CHORUS.

You have grown old and feeble now,
And so has mother, dear;
And by her side a vacant chair
Is waiting for you here;
At the table there's a vacant place,
At the church a vacant pew,
While day by day we wait and pray
To see them filled by you.

II.

I have grown old and feeble, too,
I am a different Kate
To what I was that luckless day
That we did separate,
With sickness I have had my share
In those declining years,
And other troubles, great and small,
Have caused me bitter tears.

III.

Your children, they have all grown up,
And most of them have wed,
And thank the Lord that none of them
Are numbered with the dead.
The prayers they've said and tears they've
shed,
'Tis God alone can tell;
They hope to be at your bedside
When you bid this world farewell.

IV.

Six loving sons, and daughters three,
Now join with me once more,
And ask you on our bended knees,
As we have done before,
To come home to your loving wife,
And loving children too;
Come home, dear father, to us all,
For we cannot go to you.

V.

Tho' we were young we don't forget
Your kind and loving ways,
And the lessons that you taught to us
While in our childhood days;
And those old songs you used to sing,
We fancy we can hear,
And other recollections bring
A silent, heartfelt tear.

VI.

The prayers you taught us at your knee
We never shall forget;
We knelt and said them for you then—
We say them for you yet.
We pray that you and mother, dear,
Will meet to part no more,
Until some one of you are called
To that Bright Golden Shore.

VII.

Now, father, dear, forget the past,
No matter who's to blame;
You are our mother's husband,
And our father, just the same;
Tho' passion did you separate,
Forget that cursed day,
And make your peace upon this earth,
Before you're called away.

VIII.

We are waiting now for your return,
No more from us to part;
We will watch for you from day to day,
Each one with aching heart;
Don't deny us this request,
Our sorrows to renew,
Come home, dear father, to us all,
Is our sad appeal to you.

IX.

Dear husband, say you'll come some day;
Dear father, don't say no;
Just picture our once happy home
In days long, long ago;
That picture you will see once more,
If you'll return again!
Come home some day, and drive away
All sorrow, grief and pain.

MY JOSEPHINE, MY WESTERN QUEEN.

I've got a Pal, a Western Gal,
I love my Josephine;
I'd have you know that she's my Beau,
My little Western Queen.
I've got a ranch on the Spokane Branch,
And it is all my own,
I'd like to share with Joe so fair,
For I'm lonely here alone.

CHORUS.

Sweet Josephine in the Coeur d'Alene,
My Pal, my Gal, my Joe;
Sweet Josephine, my Western Queen,
In dear old, good old Idaho.

I'll treat you kind, you'll always find,
I'll be the same True Blue;
I'll wear a smile in Western style,
That smile will be for you.
Let us unite and our friends invite,
Now, Joe, we can't say no.
I love but you, I know you're lonely too,
In dear old, good old Idaho.

CHORUS.

Sweet Josephine, my Western Queen,
Be my Pal through life, I love you so,
My Josephine in the Coeur d'Alene,
In dear old, good old Idaho.



Martin Somers.

AS I KNELT BY MY DEAR FATHER'S GRAVE.

As I knelt by the grave of my father,
 In sorrow, in sadness, and prayer,
 I thought of his trials through life's voyage,
 His crosses he manfully did bear.
 Tho he met defeat in life's battles,
 And lost on each road he did pave.
 I could see him, light-hearted and cheerful,
 As I knelt by my dear father's grave.

I thought of the days of my childhood,
 When father was happy and gay;
 I thought of his trials in the Wildwood,
 Where he wore his poor heart away.
 I thought of the hardships he endured
 For the wife and the children God gave;
 I could see him alone, sad, forsaken,
 As I knelt by my dear father's grave.

I thought of the songs he sang to me—
 He sang them at work and at play.
 I thought of the song he sang for me
 One year before he passed away.
 May he sing with the angels in Heaven—
 May a just God have mercy and save
 The soul of my kind, loving father,
 As I kneel by my dear father's grave.

I thought of the stories he told me—
 Of the green little island of old;
 Of Jack, the Giant Killer, and others,
 And of the turf that he oft dug and sold.
 He told of the wrongs of old Ireland,
 And how England had acted the knave;
 I could see him a boy in old Wexford,
 As I knelt by my dear father's grave.

He lived fifteen years like a Hermit,
 In a cabin on the Aramosa Road;
 I could see him tottering into Guelph City
 With the garden produce that he grewed.
 A dog was his only companion—
 A dog that was faithful and brave;
 I could see him consoling his master—
 As I knelt by my dear father's grave.

In fancy I heard a voice whisper:
 Thy good, faithful servant, well done;
 Then I offered a prayer for his poor soul,
 To the Blessed Virgin, Father and Son;
 Then I fancied the angels around him,
 Singing God sent us your soul to save;
 And I prayed we might meet up in Heaven—
 As I knelt by my dear father's grave.

McCASSLIN'S YELLOW BOY.

There are threshing rigs, they say,
That couldn't thresh wild hay,
And other rigs of more or less renown.
Your attention I will call
To the one that leads them all—
For none can beat the Avery Yellow Clown.

CHORUS.

He threshes rocks and boulders,
Pitchforks and pitchfork holders;
All kinds of grain, in weather wet or dry;
He keeps four spikers busy;
Findlander John got dizzy,
While handing bouquets to the Yellow Boy.

You never saw the like,
How Gerald Hastings he does spike.
Oscar Number One was a decoy;
And Oscar Number Two
Has learned to pitch a few
Since he came on the Avery Yellow Boy.

Two men to grease and oil,
Who are on deck all the while,
Little Mack and Loomis, with an eagle eye;
Tho they look wild and woolly,
They can fix a belt or pulley,
In jig-time on the Avery Yellow Boy.

He hits the three thousand mark
Without running after dark—
The engine keeps him spinning like a toy;
And the engineer—Mike Kleese—
Will bet money he can fleece
All others with the Avery Yellow Boy.

Fireman Smith from Iowa
Keeps the steam up, by the way—
He says he dreads the jar of the alarm;
He longs for one good sleep,
And he'd like to take a peep
At his dear old home down on his Iowa farm.

When he lays down at night,
He keeps thinking of the fright,
He knows the gong will very soon annoy;
It disturbs his peaceful dream,
He rolls out to get up steam,
To get ready for the Avery Yellow Boy.

John Dippy and Clark Stokes
Are both good-natured blokes—
They would move a cook car over curduroy.
And Lou Burchfield run aground
A corner section mound
With the cook car on the Avery Yellow
Boy.

The man they call the crank,
Drives the second water tank—
They say he is a Jonar to employ;
But our mascot, Billy Spriggs,
Who has turned down other rigs,
Keeps the water to the Avery Yellow Boy.

West Davison, you know,
Is anything but slow;
As an all-around man he will classify;
Nelson Piepkorn and Twomley
Are cracker-jacks, you see—
Like all others on the Avery Yellow Boy.

Tom Oliver is no fake;
Burkman is wide-awake;
They say that Parker is the real McCoy;
And before we loop the loop,
We'll get photos of the group,
Together with the Avery Yellow Boy.

McCasslin is a prince;
He furnishes immense;
Long life to him of happiness and joy;
So wh'er you chance to roam,
Think of the happy home
That you had with the Avery Yellow Boy.

THE FAMOUS HOLSEY AND BASSET SHEEP JURY.

George Oaks, the Jury Foreman.

(Written at Bottineau, 1904.)

I will give you my view,
And then leave it to you,
Who voted upon the right side;
Or if some other Juror
Was more certain or surer
He had picked out the man who had lied.
I am no judge of mutton,
Or I don't care a button,
Where dead sheep are claimed to be found.
There was no proof to show
Who shot wether or yew,
Or where they'd been roaming around.

The first ballot stood
Six to six—very good;
Our foreman, with knowledge sublime,
Soon won over two,
Who said guilty they knew,
Just because he was charged with the crime.
But it happened that four
Knew a little bit more
Than the children that he taught at school.
They refused to be taught,
And they couldn't be bought,
For their heads were not shaped like a mule.

THE FAMOUS HALSEY AND BASSET SHEEP JURY (continued)

At the big Oak we hewed
On the mutton we chewed
All night and the most of a day;
Every man of the four
Gave his views o'er and o'er,
While one of the eight held full sway.
We knew if the oak
Could be softened or broke
His followers could easily been shown;
But there wasn't a stroke
Brought a chip from the oak,
As he ruled like a king on his throne.

As I had the blues
I thought I'd take a snooze,
For I had failed as a debater;
I longed for a bed,
Or a prop for my head,
As I hugged a stone cold radiator,
As I lay there asleep
I dreamt about sheep,
And reviewed most of the evidence.
I dreamt of a poke,
And of splitting the oak
To build up a good boundary fence.

When I opened my eyes
I found to my surprise
The vote still was eight to convict;
I asked some questions brief,
But they brought no relief,
Yet no one would dare contradict.
A disagreement it was,
And I'm sorry, because
I'd like to see Basset go free.
A man in his prime
Hadn't ought to serve time
On account of an overgrown tree.
But in a short while
He will get a new trial,
And no jury will ever convict;
For they can't all be oaks,
Or they can't all be bloaks,
An acquittal is what I'd predict.
I make no apology
To that lofty oak tree,
Or the boughs that hang close to the trunk.
My position is plain,
And I'll take it again,
If I don't go insane or get drunk.

A YANKEE, OR A KANUCK?

I was born of Irish parents
On the shores of the Georgian bay,
Why wasn't I born in Ireland,
Or in good old U. S. A.
Although I'm a Yankee citizen,
I think, gosh darn the luck,
Why wasn't I born a Yankee,
Instead of a Kanuck.

I am proud of the Irish people,
From dear old Erin's Isle,
With their Irish wit and Irish grit
And their good old Irish style;
And when I see a Pat or Dan
With Irish wit and pluck,
I wish I was born an Irishman,
Instead of a bloomin' Kanuck.

When I read English history
And think of her bloody past,
Her wars of cruel oppression,
How long yet will they last;
When I think of the battle of Spion Kopp,
Where the English had to duck,
I wish, darn it, I was a Dewitt,
Instead of a bloomin' Kanuck.

Although I love the Stars and Stripes,
I am off for the Canada west;
I'd like to stick by you big Dick,
You know I love you best;
The dearest friends oftimes must part,
For years by you I've stuck,
Misfortune's stamp makes me a tramp
And a bloomin' poor Kanuck.

THE LOST TAMARACK SWAMP.

(Written at Hibbing, Minn., 1911.)

Al Dixon, the logger,
A contract did take
To cut the pine timber
That joined Beauty Lake;
He signed an agreement
To cut all the pine
That Walsh left last winter
Inside of the line.

I wish Al success,
For he is a prince,
A jolly good fellow,
With good, common sense;
Give him a square deal—
He will ask nothing more—
And he'll pull the timber
On Beauty Lake shore.

Weyerhauser's scaler, John Pinkerton,
Knows how to scale,
But he don't favor Dixon
The length of your nail.
He will measure and inspect,
And search for a flaw,
Then he'll figure it down
To the Weyerhauser law.

And Mattison, the Punk man,
Is an expert on Punk;
He can see through a tree
From the top to the trunk,
And when a tree falls,
He can tell by the sound
If there is a punk
On the side next the ground.

At night we roll into
The blankets and hay,
And slumber and dream
Of a happier day—
Dream of a feather mattress,
Or a fond, loving wife,
And other good things
A man should have in life.

There may be some damsel
That we've never met,
That's longing for some one
To love and to pet.
If we don't chance to meet her
We will stick to the woods,
While those who have loved ones
Enjoy all the world's goods.

When the pine was near cut
Weyerhauser's man did appear,
With snow shoes he travelled,
Through swamps, far and near;
He located some tamarack
Mark Walsh couldn't find,
With roads leading to it
Of a jerk water kind.

Says Mattison to Dixon:
You can make money here,
For I have found tamarack
That is large, sound and near.
The swamp is well frozen,
And no sign of a thaw;
It will hold up far more
Than four horses can draw.

Says Dixon to Mattison:
I'm here for to log,
Not to pick up culled tamarack
From a cranberry bog.
The holes in the swamp
It won't pay me to fill,
Or I won't put a road
Around Mark Walsh's hill.

While they were discussing,
Tom York did appear.
Says Tom: We need all kinds
Of tamarack this year.
He offered inducements
That looked rather fair,
And he said March the first
The ground sure would be bare.

They cut at the tamarack
Till March the first came,
And they are still hauling tamarack,
Now, who is to blame.
Is it a Weyerhauser or York,
Walsh, Mattison or Dixon—
You can see for yourself
That his head needs some fixin.

We hear tamarack at breakfast,
We hear tamarack at noon;
We hear tamarack at night,
By the light of the moon;
But the last load of tamarack
Has just left the swail,
So farewell to the tamarack
And the jack rabbit trail.

They tell me that Dixon
Cleaned up a good sun,
While other loggers were chewing
On his tamarack gum.
There are all kinds of loggers
Who claim they can log,
But they wouldn't dare tackle
The cranberry bog.

So, now we'll return
To our friends, far and near,
With our winter's stake
And our hearts full of cheer.
So, good-bye, Mr. Dickson,
Good-bye, one and all;
Good-bye to the tamarack,
And the rabbit-trail haul.



Mrs. Thomas Barton.

SHE PROVED A MOTHER TO ME.

When a youth I did roam,
Far away from my home,
To a town by the unsalted sea,
Where I met a kind friend,
That was true to the end,
For she proved a mother to me.

CHORUS.

With pride I can say,
She's my true friend today;
I have other friends true as can be,
Though I love all the rest,
She's the friend I love best,
For she proved a mother to me.

In sickness and in need,
She did kindly intercede,
She was my friend financially,
For thirty long years,
In smiles or in tears,
She has been a mother to me,

I long to repay,
All her kindness some day,
For she won my true sympathy.
When feeble and old,
She will not want for gold,
For she proved a true friend to me.

May her troubles be few,
I wish long life to you,
And heaven your eternity.
It's my daily prayer
We may meet over there,
For you've been a mother to me.

WHEN THE MANISTEE WENT DOWN.

Farewell, old boat, and precious freight,
Captain McKay and his staunch, strong
crew.
No more at home shall the cargo wait
For loved ones to come with you.
The work she did no other would do;
Success would the effort crown,
But oh! the anguish of waiting hearts
When the Manistee went down.

CHORUS.

Oh! God, it must have been dreadful
To freeze and then to drown,
In a storm on Lake Superior,
When the Manistee went down.

Fond memory oft will picture her still,
Her cabins and decks grow dear,
In a storm that made every fiber thrill.
Captain McKay spoke words of cheer:
Farewell, old boat, and gallant crew;
Love will your memories crown;
But, oh! the darkness, pain and grief,
When the Manistee went down.

Another scene of horror
Has happened on this deep, cold lake:
The schooner M. A. Hulbert, with
Twenty brave, strong men, went down.
It was next they should lie beneath the wave
When her ballast above were o'er;
But we long the helpless ones to save
Whose voices we hear no more.

DR. SLEIGHT'S TRAVELING DRUG STORE.

Not far from old Renville lives one Dr.
Sleight,
Who purchased a big automobile of late;
For up-to-date service horses were too slow,
So he now has an auto that sure ought to go;
He sells Rawlie's remedies, perfumes and
spice,
In large and small sizes at a very low price;
He can cure corns or bunions, a new or old
sore,
With his full line of cure-alls in his Auto
Drug Store.

His district takes in all of Bottineau county,
A mighty big job for a Dr., you see;
His regular trips he makes without fail,
He don't stop for wind, or for rain, snow or
hail;
For a hurry up call he has a telephone,
So, you see, that his service is second to
none;
You can see him and hear his horn ten miles
or more;
If you haven't you ought to see that Auto
Drug Store.

So, good luck to "Doc" Sleight and his auto-
mobile,
Give him a night's lodging, or a good warm
meal;
When his auto gets balky, help him on his
way;
Remember a doctor should have no delay.
We don't care so much when the mail man
is late,
But with keen disappointment we look for
"Doc" Sleight;
There is no need to suffer or die any more
While we have "Doc" Sleight and his Auto
Drug Store.

The latest report is "Doc's" auto broke down.
It died in a ditch about five miles from town.
He called for Devorshack, the expert auto
man,
Then ploned, Bring my horses as quick as
you can.
My faithful old team, always ready to go
I will never exchange for a balky auto.
"Doc" says that he ought to have known be-
fore
That he couldn't win out with an Auto Drug
Store.

Now "Doc" has a rival to add to his woes,
There is Ed Gowan and Tuning, that every
one knows;
They just signed a contract Eatons remedies
to sell,
And they say that their outfit will be some-
thing swell;
"Doc" says if they start with an automobile,
Or an up-to-date outfit he'd give them a deal;
He will sell at half price, just to prove he's
not sore,
And wish them success with their Auto Drug
Store.

DULUTH IN EIGHTY-TWO.

To tell the truth
I came to Duluth
In eighteen eighty-two.
The Windsor was the best hotel
On Superior Avenue;
I walked right in
To the lion's den,
The Gilbreths kept the joint;
Then mix come arouse
To the Cap Norris house
Or Minnesota Point.

It may seem queer,
But I did not hear
Of any iron range,
But the big pine trees,
Bent to the breeze;
Oh, mister, what a change.
No ore docks then,
But now, gentlemen,
Look up along the bay:
See the docks of ore,
Hear the whistles roar,
As the big boats steam away.

No big flour mills,
High as the hills,
No Duluth Board of Trade—
Just two elevators,
And no speculators—
The wheat was just one grade.
No electric light
To daze the sight,
No monster areal bridge;
No electric railway
Across St. Louis bay,
No incline up the ridge.

I miss each one
Of my old friends gone,
Tho many still remain;
Soon we shall meet
Each other to greet,
Tho we must part again.
This spring I'll call
And see you all,
And view your city grand.
They say you've growed
Beyond Herman town road,
And you are still annexing land.

MY SWEET MONTANA BELLE.

From Montana I did roam,
Far away from Friends and Home,
On the battleship Wisconsin o'er the sea;
But I always kept in mind
One fair one left behind,
And wondered if she oftimes thought of me.

My Sweet Montana Belle,
I always loved so well;
I loved you true, but didn't like to tell.
That farewell on the Plain
Brought your True Love back again,
To wed my own, my Sweet Montana Belle.

No Lester park
To spoon in the dark;
No big automobiles,
Not even a bike—
Every man did hike.
Them days we eat square meals;
A restaurant or boarding house
Looked good, but by the way,
They are now out of date—
We all want to eat
At the St. Louis big, swell cafe.

Just one main road
Was all we had,
And the scally to St. Paul.
Every man used an axe,
We had no whalebacks—
McDougall and Hill looked small,
But Jim Hill has growed,
He controls each road,
Down east and way out West,
And they tell me
He controls the sea—
Ask Jim, he can tell you best.

I remember quite well,
And in song I tell,
How the Manistee went down,
With Catain McKay and crew so gay,
That sailed from the Zenith Town,
And the Hulbert too,
Sank with her crew
Far out from any shore.
In the water's deep
They all do sleep—
We shall never see them more.

Six long years far away,
I thought of you each day—
I wondered if an offer you'd decline;
But, alas, my dreams came true,
I'll whisper sweet to you,
While I fondly hold your little hands in
mine.

My Sweet Montana Belle,
In love with you I fell;
I love you sweeter than I dare to tell;
I am with you to remain,
For we haven't loved in vain—
I'll always love my Sweet Montana Belle.



The Mohall Pioneers in the Mouse River Loop.

THE MOHALL PIONEERS.

For friendship sake, my friends and I
One day did congregate.
We talked about the early days
In North Dakota state.
Each story told made a hero bold
Of each man in his own behalf.
And for old times sake we agreed to take
This old-time photograph.

Now there is Doc Fitzmaurice
Who keeps us in good health,
And the banker, S. H. Sleeper,
Who looks after our wealth.
John Schnitzler is our editor,
He gives the latest news;
Charles Lano is our postmaster
His dons give us the blues.

And there is Gilbert Johnson
Who supplies us with the sweet.
His place is cozy as can be,
His brands cannot be beat.
Nels Iverson has got the mon
For he has got a bank.
John J. Gilsett is not in debt,
He gets the cash for Plank.

And Handsome William Clifford
Is an all around financier;
He deals mostly in horses
When they are scarce and dear.
Chris Thorson is the hardware man,
And at that he is O. K.
And his son Will can fill the bill,
As a business man they say.

It is plain to see John Doherty
Has got his share of coin;
He sells plows and drills to the man who
tills
And likewise binder twine.
It is easily seen that Sig McKeen
Is mighty hard to fool;
For we all know he made the dough
While we were playing pool.

Louie and Martin Haugan
They sell farm machinery.
I first met them at their claim shack
And they look good to me.
John Windolf is our grocery man;
He built his grocery shack
Before the town was called Mohall,
When there was no wagon track.

And let us praise our friend Pat Hayes,
A marshal brave and true.
The bunch looks mighty good to me,
How do they look to you?
And you all know Jim, with his hoe,
From the old Minot trail.
Old friends, adieu, good luck to you,
Let us still be friends by mail.

SHE NEVER ASKED ME YET;

“Or a Bachelor’s Dream.”

Tho I am close to forty,
And have been around a few,
And looked and longed for a dear wife
Since I was twenty-two,
I’m still a batch, I made no catch,
With any maid I met;
Tho each leap year brings me new cheer,
She never asked me yet.

CHORUS.

I see a gleam of love’s sweet dream,
In the smiles I can’t forget:
Sweetheart, get wise; do you realize
I am waiting for you yet.

I’d make a model husband;
I don’t gamble, drink or smoke;
I could have lots of money,
But my courting keeps me broke;
They all pretend to be my friend,
While I am flush, don’t fret;
So, I’m the chump, got many a bump,
For she never asked me yet.

There is more than one that said to me,
“Dear Jim,” and “Sweetheart,” too;
At one a. m. they say, “Dear Jim,
I love none else but you!”
Could you believe she would deceive
The one she hoped to get;
It seems untrue, but I’ll tell you,
She never asked me yet.

SHE NEVER ASKED ME YET (continued)

I took her to the balls and shows,
And sat up with her late;
I would like to take her to Superior,
If that would seal my fate;
But here I am, just like a clam,
No one to call me "pet;"
You precious pearls, you cruel girls,
You never asked me yet.

I have played the game from A to Z,
And I don't understand
Why each fair maid seems much afraid
To offer me her hand.
So, now, my dear, in this leap year,
Don't overlook a bet;
If she don't yield, I'll play the field
And make a winning yet.

So, now, dear girls, don't be unkind,
Why must we keep apart;
I would adore, I have love galore,
Away down in my heart.
I am lonely here, I need your cheer,
Now, girls, you will regret
You served me so, for I won't say "No,"
But you never asked me yet.

The chaps that win our wealthy girls,
They don't look good to me;
A titled name brought fame and shame
To many o'er the sea.
Our Yankee dude, with mustache glued,
His cane and cigarette,
Just seems to snit girls, say they're cute,
But they never asked me yet.

So let them choose the Yankee dude,
Or some great royal prince;
Perhaps some level-headed girl
Is waiting on the fence.
I have said enough, it is no bluff;
I have just one heart to let.
So, girls, come through; it's up to you,
For you never asked me yet.

THE ST. CLOUD CYCLONE.

(Written at Sheldon, Iowa, 1887.)

It's sad and dismal is the tale to you I will relate
At St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids, in Minnesota State;
Likewise at Rice Station to the world I'll make it known,
Met death and desolation in the deadly Cyclone.

Oh, when the deadly cloud appeared it made their blood run cold,
The sights that met them as it neared was dreadful to behold;
Their cries for mercy were in vain, no mercy was there shown,
The cruel wind their lives did end in the St. Cloud Cyclone.

It was little did those people think, the sword of death so near,
Or did they think they'd part that day from those they loved so dear;
As evening dawned the twinkling stars upon the bodies shone
Of sixty-eight who met their fate in the St. Cloud Cyclone.

That day at Rice's Station two lovers joined for life,
And joyfully returning home, as loving man and wife;
That morn she was a happy bride, that night the death list showed
The one she wed he then lay dead from the deadly Cyclone.

Those little ones that often times had tottered down the street
No more until the judgment day will they their parents meet;
May God protect those little ones left in this world alone—
Their parents they have passed away in the St. Cloud Cyclone.

The sight it was heart-rending to those who were left to mourn,
As they gazed on those pale faces whom to earth would never return;
To see the dying breathe their last, to hear the wounded moan,
Their mournful cries would rend the skies in the St. Cloud Cyclone.

Now, one request I ask you all, and that is for to pray
For those poor souls whoss bodies lie moulding in the clay;
O'er their graves so green, there can be seen upon each marble stone
The day and date they met their fate in the St. Cloud Cyclone.



D. G. Colcord

THE INDEPENDENT EDITOR (D. G. COLCORD),

In Minot's far city
Dwells a newspaper man,
Bright, honest and fearless,
The pride of his clan.
He's a pioneer of Minot
And the county of Ward,
The independent editor
Is D. G. Colcord.

You can tell by his writings,
You can tell by his smile,
He's kind hearted and cheerful
In plain western style.
He is admired by all classes
And let me say, Thank the Lord
He don't travel on passes,
Not D. G. Colcord.

When the old Renville stage
Would arrive with the mail,
We'd walk through a blizzard
On the old Minot trail.
His four-page farm paper
Would be our reward
And we'd read and reread
From the pen of Colcord.

But now it looks more
Like a Sunday Tribune,
Colcord and Truax
Will be millionaires soon.
In the city of Minot
You'll find no discord.
It's the best in the west
Like my old friend Colcord.

THE DANCE OUT AT SOMERS' CLAIM.

With joy I'll relate
Of a dance up-to-date
That was given by one you all know;
He is known everywhere,
Not as a millionaire,

But as Somers, the man with a hoe.
The neighbors turned out,
From the north and the south,
From Mohall and Lansford they came;
I'll tell you no yarn,
They filled stable and barn—
At the dance out at Somers' claim.

CHORUS.

Frank Stark's cornet band
Furnished music so grand,
That in each heart it kindled a flame
That will ever burn bright
When they think of the night
Of the dance at Somers' claim.

Pat Murphy was there
With a heart free from care,
And Will Clifford, of course, brought his
frau;

Tom Fitzmaurice came too,
With a girl he loves true—
She's a charmer, we all must allow.
The Bartzs' and Rudds,
And some more of the bloods
Must have thought it would be something
tame;

But now they repent,
And wish they had went
To the dance at Somers' claim.

The fair sex were not few,
With eyes brown and blue,
Their sweet faces adorned with a smile;

They looked neat and homespun—
And were right in for fun—
How I wished I was single a while.

The last coach to arrive
Made a fifteen-mile drive,
Filled with ladies—I won't tell their name.
But P. J., with his surry,
Made other girls worry—
At the dance out at Somers' claim.

Dan Lahey was there
With a damsel as fair
As the rays of a bright summer's day;
Likewise Jimmy Rock,
On the music did walk,
When a hornpipe the band it would play.
As they danced to the whirl,

Every fellow and girl,
Were certain the climax had came;
Until Somers did show
His new kind of hoe—
At the dance out at Somers' claim.

Dan Stout hit the floor
Like a boy twenty-four,
For the first time since he struck the West;
Alexander put them through
All the changes he knew:

The Camuck change outdone all the rest.
Some one said can it be
That this blowout is free,

When Somers was heard to exclaim:
Tho I farm with a hoe,
No collection will go—
At the dance at Somers' claim.

There was plenty to eat
Of all kinds, sour and sweet,
And as Somers, he likes gingerale,
He had a supply
That they couldn't run dry,
Altho Murphy, he drank like a whale.
There was ten-year-old wine
That was number one fine,
There was turkey and other large game;
There was more than enough
Of all the richest of stuff—
At the dance out at Somers' claim.

A big electric bell
Was a signal to tell
That we needed some more gingerale;
Lon Smith with a bound,
He would pass it around,
Saying, Good luck to the old Minot Trail.
After testing the jars,
He would pass the cigars—

One brand had a poetic name.
There were chocolate bon-bons
Decorated with bronze—
At the dance out at Somers' claim.

Starks played hornpipes and reels,
That gave Merritt wheels,
As he tried to make his feet chime;
At Loomases' command
They danced new ragtime grand,
And finished up on "A Hot Time."
They drank, danced and eat,
And sang songs so sweet,

That no one felt sorry they came;
At daybreak they quit,
There was nothing to it—
But the jar out at Somers' claim.

SOMERS' BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

(At the Old Homestead in the Mouse River Loop, 1905.)

They say I'm to blame
For the dance at my claim,
And other more serious crimes;
The way matters now hinge,
I am out for revenge,
And will take it all out in good times.
The dance at my claim
Was not common or tame,
And the crowd was enormous in size;
They propped up the floor
To accommodate more
At Somers' Birthday surprise.

CHORUS.

Frank Starks' Cornet band
Had the program all planned,
So no one had time to look wise;
The tunes were so sweet
There was no silent feet,
At Somers' Birthday surprise.

When the first sleigh-load came,
And the Bard saw the game,
Some visions soon ran through his head;
He saw a mooley cow's tail,
And the word gingerale,
In letters too small to be read,
But the Honorable Joe Fish,
Assisted by Dad Weish,
Were acting the Bard in disguise,
Their early arrival
Brought instant survival
At Somers' Birthday surprise.

The crowd from Mohall
Was the largest of all,
Lansford and Maxbass sent their share;
A sleigh-load of nine
From the Canada Line,
Broke the record with five miles to spare;
In the neighbors did pour,
Till they filled every floor;
Then Somers did soon realize
He could add one more year
To his poetical career,
On the night of his birthday surprise.

The old sports that turned out
Where McDevitt and Stout,
Tom Painter gave them a close rub;
Charlie Merritt of course
Hit the floor with such force
That he loosened the spokes on the hub.
Tom Hastings came too,
And he stepped off a few,
For Irish jigs he took the prize;
The way he fanned the air
Made the young roosters stare,
At Somers' Birthday surprise.

There were bachelors plenty,
There were maids of sweet twenty,
With strong matrimonial views;
They didn't need masking,
They just needed asking,
They certainly couldn't refuse.
While the band was atuning,
Indeed some were spooning;
I'd judge from the love in their eyes
That more than one batch
Played their cards for a match
At Somers' Birthday surprise.

The celebration is o'er,
May he see many more.
Is the chorus that each one did sing.
Then Somers replied
That he'd cherish with pride
The tokens his neighbors did bring.
When parting time came,
Some one said, "What a shame,"
As the sun was beginning to rise,
There was none cared to start,
Many hated to part,
From Somers' Birthday surprise.



James J. Colt

THE DULUTH SILVER KING.

They may talk about jolly good fellows,
 In my travels I've met one or two,
 A genuine friend that is true to the end,
 In this world you will find mighty few.
 To tell you with pride of one true and tried,
 Much joy to my heart it does bring,
 He is generous and kind, not a flaw can you
 find,
 In the Duluth "Silver King."

CHORUS.

Good luck to "J. J." and his cozy buffet,
 In summer or winter or spring,
 He's a prince, he's O. K.
 He's the same every day,
 The Duluth "Silver King."

His place is a neat little palace,
 No roughness or toughness you'll see,
 He sells the best that you'll find in the west,
 A manly, bright fellow is he,
 You may travel each state in the Union
 In search of a friend, the real thing,
 If you know him, you'll say, none can equal
 "J. J."
 The Duluth "Silver King."

So drink to the prince of good fellows,
 Drink a toast to my friend Silver Jim,
 May his pathway be strewn with roses,
 Long life and best wishes to him.
 When you wish to meet a good fellow,
 Shake the hand of the one that I sing,
 And you'll never regret the day that you met,
 The Duluth "Silver King."

MIKE O'DONNELL'S CREW.

There is a jolly bridge crew
On the Missaba road.
A little palace dining car
Is their humble abode.
Every man is an expert
At the work he has to do.
When there's a rush they need no push
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

They are descendants of each race
Who are foremost on the stage;
For every man can sing and dance,
Regardless of his age.
Scotch and Irish, French and Dutch
And a Belgian or two,
Compose the nationalities
In Mike O'Donnell's crew.

John Gillis is chief engineer;
He makes the hammer bound;
He can drive a pile a half a mile
Into the hardest ground.
With a pleasing smile on all the while
And an eye so keen and true,
The hammer never makes a miss
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

Dennie Morris spots the piles—
He knows just where they go;
He is an old bridge builder
And he's anything but slow.
His job requires an active man,
With much experience, too,
And that's why Dennie is on the roll
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

John McKay and Frank O'Brien
The timbers do prepare;
They measure and they inspect them
With precaution and great care.
They served their time on other roads,
Their equals are but few,
They look after the timber
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

Sam Naud and Alick Grenier
They guide the beam and swing
To guide the beam where it belongs
Is a quite particular thing.
You'll always find them at their post,
In hard pan or in a slough;
At every beck they are on deck
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

John McRichie gives the signals—
An important place to fill—
He must be quick with hand and foot,
His part requires much skill.
Charlie Tyó does the chaining—
He is the best I ever knew
To fill such a position
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

Felix Plisson is the handy man—
He does his part O. K.—
He takes the place of any man
That should be called away.
Billy Blamey Hysler and Colparet
Have bid the boys adieu,
Their vocation now is farming
Far from O'Donnell's crew.

Rory McDonald is night watchman
And Rory is all right;
He steams up every morning
And he is the crew's delight.
He sings for us some good old songs
Whenever we feel blue,
For Rory is the mascot
Of Mike O'Donnell's crew.

Most of the crew are ladies' men—
That's what the people say.
The boys they don't deny the charge
For they act and talk that way.
But when the ladies make a call
The other boys skidoo,
Gillis is the ladies' charmer
Of Mike O'Donnell's crew.

I have told you of O'Donnell's crew.
They are all A Number One.
Mike is as good a foreman
As ere the sun shone on.
His work will pass inspection
On bridges old or new,
For Mike is always on the job,
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

So here's good luck to all the boys,
Where'er they chance to stray;
Think of the times at Duluth
And at Hibbing, by the way;
Think of the songs and dances
That cheered both I and you
And sing in praise of the happy days
With Mike O'Donnell's crew.

THE IROQUOIS THEATRE FIRE.

I am sad and broken-hearted,
From loved ones I've been parted,
And the pleasures of this world for me are
few.

Now I sit alone repining,
Where I sat in pleasure dining,
As the pictures on the wall I sadly view.
I view one and then the other,
Loving wife and dear old mother,
And those little ones who were so sweet and
good;
But they are gone forever,
Cruel flames their lives did sever,
Where the Iriquois Theatre stood.

When the fire alarm was given,
Two thousand souls were driven
Into a frenzied panic with despair.
One mad rush for their lives—
Mothers, sweethearts and dear wives—
But cruel death was waiting for them there.
The sight it was appalling,
To hear those dear ones calling
To save their lives. Oh, if we only could
The last sad moans I hear
Beneath that human tier
Where the Iriquois Theatre stood.

The new year of tomorrow
Will be one of gloom and sorrow,
With the City of Chicago filled with grief.
As I look into the ruins,
And hear those sad funeral tunes,
I pray to God for mercy and relief.
As I gaze upon their ashes,
Beneath the electric flashes,
I know that God in heaven is so good
He'll have mercy on each poor soul
That appeared upon the death roll,
Where the Iriquois Theatre stood.

I hear the sad chimes ringing,
I hear the church choir singing,
As I bid the last farewell to my true love;
As I smooth her auburn hair,
I offer up a prayer:
May her soul rest in peace with God above.
I will try my grief to smother,
But I cannot love another—
Her angel face would haunt me if I should.
Through life her I will cherish—
Why did our loved ones perish—
Where the Iriquois Theatre stood.

In the summer's evening hours
O'er their graves we'll plant sweet flowers,
And night and morning when we kneel and
pray
We will offer up a prayer
For all who perished there,
That we may meet them on the judgment day.
When I think of future years,
I can't stop those blinding tears—
I'd drown my grief and sorrow if I could—
I will mourn while my poor heart beats
For engaging those reserved seats
Where the Iriquois Theatre stood.

The sad fate we implore
Of six hundred souls or more
Whose bodies are at rest beneath the clay.
By and by our grief and sadness
Will turn to joy and gladness
When we meet in heaven on the judgment
day.
Let us meet on each new year,
At the graves of loved ones dear,
And when we die let it be understood
To lay us side by side—
Our loved ones who died
Where the Iriquois Theatre stood.

THE HOOCHIE COOCHIE MOVEMENT AT THE BALL.

It happened just by chance
I was present at a dance,
That was given in a town not very small;
And I'm tickled that I went,
For it didn't cost a cent
To see the hoochie coochie at the ball.

I saw movements there, that night,
That fairly dazed my sight,—
With shame I watched the shadow on the wall.
That circle half-step hitch
Was flavored mighty rich—
But the hoochie coochie movement beat them
all.

The management that night
They failed for to invite
Some ladies much admired by one and all.
It's amusing for to see
How one-sided some can be;—
But they missed the hoochie coochie at the
ball.

A man in common clothes
To a friend he did propose
To give one introduction—that was all.
But it happened that the gent
Was a four-hundred per cent;
So the farmer got no partner at the ball.

Between the acts and plays,
They passed around bouquets.
If I had been a lady, I would squall,
For they offered none to me;
But I hung around to see
If the hoochie coochie movement beat them all.

I sat there taking chills,
While they danced rag-time quadrilles;
As they danced the latest schottische of them
all.
It took lots of nerve and grit
To gaze very long at it—
For the hoochie coochie paralyzed them all.

THE HOOCHIE COOCHIE MOVEMENT AT THE BALL (continued)

I, myself, am rather gay,
In a smooth kind of a way;
But I never could collect the nerve or gall
To get up in a crowd
And show movements half as loud
As the hoochie coochie movement at the ball.

A lady dressed in white
Thought she'd have fun on the quiet;
She stuck right to a man not very tall
While another dressed in red
Danced with no one but her Fred—
But the hoochie coochie dancer beat them all.

A blonde in cream sateen,
Not more than seventeen,
Seemed rather gay for so late in the fall.
Her and a married man
Went through movements like can-can;
But the hoochie coochie movement beat them all.

One lady dressed in blue
Must have thought herself a few;
As she danced a two-step with a man quite tall.
She moved at such a rate,
That he couldn't strike her gait—
But the hoochie coochie movement beat them all.

One damsel in full dress
Kept me in great distress;
While she kept bounding like a rubber ball.
She tried hard to win the race;
But she must take second place
For the hoochie coochie movement beat them all.

I sized up one that wore
Her hair in pompadour;
She tried so hard to imitate a doll.
She is certainly a peach
But she had too short a reach,
For the hoochie coochie movement beat them all.

A brunette dressed in pink,
Cast a very roguish wink.
If I was single on her I would call.
She would take first prize with me
But a big majority
Says the hoochie coochie dancer beats them all.

The leader of the band
Kept peeping through his hand
When all at once he took a backward fall.
As soon as he came to.
He says, "I've seen a few—
But the hoochie coochie movement beats them all."

THE NIGHT THAT MILLER MILKED THE MOOLEY COW.

(Written at Lansford, N. D., 1905.)

Air: "Down Went McGinty."
On last Thanksgiving night
Lansford folks did me invite
To take part in a great Thanksgiving feast.
They said it would be grand
So I thought I'd take a hand
And help devour some foul or other beast.

CHORUS.

That night I'll ne'er forget
I see Miller milking yet,
They say he is no milker anyhow.
At Somers he did swear
For finding cattle there,
On the night that Miller milked the mooley cow.

When supper time drew near
I happened for to hear,
That all arrangements for the feast fell through.
Then to Miller I did say,
I haven't eat today,
And I'd give a dollar for an oyster stew.

Says Miller: "Then by Jove
We'll have fresh or we'll have cove."
As we started out to find the oyster man.
We disturbed his peaceful rest,
And he got up and dressed,
And we soon had oysters in a big tin can.

We thought our work was done
But we found we'd just begun,
For we couldn't find a drop of milk in town.
So with our empty pail,
Our fate we did bewail,
As I spied a bunch of cattle lying down.

Says Miller with a smile,
We will camp here for a while,
As he approached a mooley black as jet.
But the mooley gave a kick,
That made poor Miller sick,
And I hear myself a-laughing at him yet.

When Miller he came to,
He says: "Darn the oyster stew,
I think I'd rather have a dozen raw."
But he soon conceived a plan,
To milk a condensed can,
And it was the worst condensed I ever saw.

All arrangements were complete,
Except a place to eat,
To Mrs. Pelsey we did sing our tale of woe.
She finally gave consent,
Her establishment to rent,
To Miller and to Somers for the show.

THE NIGHT THAT MILLER MILKED THE MOOLEY COW (continued)

On our two-bit bill of fare,
We had oysters raw and rare,
We had oyster stew condemned with condensed cream.
We had crackers by the peck,
And we filled them to the neck,
As they crowded on us in a steady stream.

Miller acted as cashier,
While Somers in the rear,
Kept adding water to the condensed cream.
The water got so thick,
They all began to kick,
And they said we had contrived a robbing scheme.

For their money they did shout,
Then says Miller, we'll pull out,
For I think that we are forty cents ahead.
That will buy all kinds of booze,
Then we'll go and have a snooze,
For in Lahey's barn I know we'll find a bed.

This great blowout is o'er,
And I'll act as cook no more,
On next Thanksgiving I'll go to Mohall.
Where they'll serve you night or day,
With refreshments up in "A",
And where dried up cows cannot be found at all.

THE CON ON THE D., M. & N.

(Written at Hibbing, 1901.)

When I came to Hibbing,
Back in ninety-three,
The town was the best on the range;
The people were social,
And brim full of glee,
Not a face in the village seemed strange.

But now I see faces
Almost every day—
Faces of queer-looking men;
But the queerest of all
Is a man rather tall
Who works on the D., M. & N.

Some say he's a halfbreed,
More say he's a Turk,
And some say he's wearing a cue;
I'd judge from his actions,
And also his nerve,
That he is a fullblooded Jew.

So, now, Mr. Conney,
Because you've a pull,
And own about half on the range,
Don't think that a quarter
Will fill you chuck full,
Just knock down a little more change.

So, please Mr. Knocker,
Don't knock quite so hard;
Why not be a man among men,
Pay the price everywhere,
Just like I pay my fare,
When I ride on the D., M. & N.

Get your wooden paddles,
Wade into the rice,
Be happy among your own kin;
Then draw a cartoon
Of yourself and Wan Loon,
For to post on the D., M. & N.

When in Hibbing you dine,
Pass by every sign
Until you see Sing-Sing, Wun Lin;
Then take off your hat,
While they serve you the rat
That was caught on the D., M. & N.

Signed:

A Bum Cook or the Leg of a Bear.

WORDS OF LOVE.

My true fond heart is aching
For the one I dearly love,
I long to press her to my loving breast
Oh, cheer my heart that's breaking,
Is my prayer to him above;
For she's the one I dearly love the best.

Oh, how I long to fondly kiss
The lips that are sweet to me;
While her gentle form I embrace,
You are the only one I miss,
Oh, hear my loving plea,
And let me look into my true love's face.

THE FOREIGNER'S HOME.

(Written at Seattle, Wash., 1890.)

Port Madison is a place
You will find most every race,
Although its population it is small;
It's a museum complete,
I'm sure it can't be beat,
For representing nations, one and all;
They're from Italy and Spain,
So far across the main—
From England, Ireland, Scotland, and from
Wales;
And Sweden, too, also,
I'd have you all to know,
Is represented here by many males.

A description I will give
Of the manner which they live—
The town, it is composed of cabins small,
Where each single man does dwell,
In his little frame hotel,
And they very seldom on each other call.
They're from Switzerland and Russia,
From Portugal and Prussia,
From Lapland, Finland and Australia, too;
From India and Japan,
Emmigration just began,
But from each place I know of one or two.

From France and Germany,
They come for liberty,
And Africa, don't fail to represent;
And Canada, so dull,
That is ruled by Johnny Bull,
Quite a number to this little Isle have sent;
And the Siwash Indian band
Are natives of this land,
And many on this island still remain;
And the Chinese did not fail
To come in some pleasant gale,
Which caused many here for to complain.

From each Territory and State,
To this little Isle they emigrate,
From Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa,
And from the State of Maine,
They have come to see it rain,
And finally have concluded here to stay.
I find some from Minnesota,
Nebraska and Dakota,
Montana, Indiana and Massachu—
And some from Illinois,
The World's Fair to advertise,
America's greatest hit in ninety-two.

California sent us some,
And from Oregon they've come;
Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Ohio;
Missouri sent her share,
And New York had some to spare,
And I'm told there's one or two from Idaho.
And here you'll find the dude,
So selfish and so rude,
And many more who try the dude to be.
What are they going to do,
The fair sex are so few,
And most of them of such a high degree?

There's a few on Bendbridge Isle,
Who try to put on style,
And hold their heads above all others here.
I am sorry for their fate,
They have got here rather late,
And their capital is too small, I fear.
Of a few more I would mention,
And call to your attention—
They lately crossed the path of poverty;
Though superior to their neighbor,
I notice they do labor
For wages, just the same as you and me.

The fair sex here are cute,
Though some are hard to suit—
A banker's son might any of them steal.
There may be one or two,
A ship captain might do,
Providing he is handsome and genteel.
They're from Sweden and Norway,
And some from Dogfish Bay;
They're descendants of high aristocracy;
As they have no proof to show,
Therefore, we do not know;
At present we must judge from what we see.

There's a few I must leave out—
They are ladies without doubt;
Although they are all strangers unto me.
I am told by those who know,
They're admired where'er they go
For common sense and sociability.
This statement, it is true,
I perhaps have missed a few
That some one in this town ought to expose;
But, as I don't intend
Any one for to offend,
I will now bring these few verses to a close.

THE FIRE BOAT SNOQUALEMIE.

(Written at Seattle, Wash., 1890.)

To the fire boat, neat and trim,
Fill your glasses to the brim;
The Snoqualemi comes our fortune and
fame to aid;

She will guard, by night or day,
Marts of commerce by the bay,
Like a battleship to join in the brigade.

When the dreadful fiend of fire,
Threats the city in its ire,
Let not any heart in hopelessness despair;

Like the warrior on his steed,
She will come unto our need,
When the good Snoqualemi's trumpets
rend the air.

The Snoqualemi's gallant crew
Are jolly, brave and true;
And as long as currents flow in Puget
Sound,
Our brave companions they'll be,
And no more in dread we'll see
The queen of cities burning to the ground.



"I started farming with a hoe along the Minot Trail."

THE BEAUTIES OF THE MOUSE RIVER LOOP.

It gives me much pleasure
To relate the treasure
That's here for each man
Who is willing to stoop.
It's not in the Klondike,
Or at the World's Fair Pike;
It's here in Dakota—
In the Mouse River Loop.

You land speculators,
And smooth calculators,
And men whose's ambitions
Don't run to free soup.
If you're searching this nation
For an ideal location,
You'll find it right here
In the Mouse River Loop.

There's the Red River Valley,
That we call mud alley;
Some think she's the pride
Of the northwestern group.
But I'll take the dry belt,
Where no drouth have I felt
Since I cast my lot
In the Mouse River Loop.

The soil is a clay loam,
For hills we have no room;
You can see fifty miles
Without a telescope.
In a mirage at sunrise
You view, to your surprise,
Almost every town
In the Mouse River Loop.

The nights in the summer
Are as cool as cucumber;
You can sleep without powders
Put up by Doc Shoop.
Meadow larks every morning
Sing sweet melodies, warning
Daylight has appeared
In the Mouse River Loop.

I've been west of the Cascades,
I strolled in the south shades,
And I've stood on the docks
Of New York harbor sloop;
But here on the prairie,
So balmy and airy,
I am wedded for life
To the Mouse River Loop.

It's a tough proposition
Here for a physician;
The only diseases
Are measles and croup.
This clime is so healthy,
A man knows he's wealthy,
If he's not worth a cent—
In the Mouse River Loop.

Tho we have prohibition,
If you're in a condition
That you cannot eat
Or drunk nothing but soup,
It's not a bit risky
To buy beer or whisky
In an up-to-date town
In the Mouse River Loop.

The Mouse River fishes
Are simply delicious;
Wild geese, ducks and chickens
Are here by the group.
And fox, badger and rabbit
Have formed a habit
To stay the year round
In the Mouse River Loop.

Our produce they can't beat,
Our No. 1 hard wheat,
And flax, oats and barley,
With weight fairly droop.
At the St. Louis World's Fair
They found us right there,
And prizes won our share
From the Mouse River Loop.

For fuel we are all right,
With large mines of lignite;
And right from the surface
The coal you can scoop.
Each town on the Soo tells,
From Minot to Bowbells,
Where you'll find the coal wells
Of the Mouse River Loop.

New towns are abooming,
And as aspect assuming,
That make new-comers stare
Like a steam caliope;
And grain speculators,
Building more elevators,
Are as busy as bees—
In the Mouse River Loop.

With railroad competition,
We are in a position
Where the freight racket story
No more can us dupe.
Tom Lowery and Jim Hill
Are here of their free will,
And the N. P. hello Bill
Has surveyed through the Loop.

The Gophers we've banished,
The shacks have all vanished,
Except an odd one
Used for a chicken coop;
On each claim there's a mansion
Where stockmen were ranchin'
Just four years ago—
In the Mouse River Loop.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE MOUSE RIVER LOOP (continued)

There's no corporation
Can dictate our ration,
For strikes or for boycotts

We don't care a whoop.
This land, self-supporting,
Is all we need courting,
To fill all our wants
In the Mouse River Loop.

We came here from all nations,
And changed our vocations—
Those who were not farmers
Would make a large troop.
To me it seems funny,
They all have made money,
The way some people farm
In the Mouse River Loop.

So get on Jim Hill's van
As quick as you can;
Don't wait till your shoulders
Are round as a hoop.
Get in on the ground floor,
And you'll never feel sore
That you cast your lot
In the Mouse River Loop.

Try Glenburn, Lansford or Mohall,
Or give Sherwood a call;
Go and see Omemeé,
And don't miss Westhope;
And if you come to Renville
Call on me and I will
Make you feel at home
In the Mouse River Loop.

IF THAT LITTLE BLUE-EYED BABE WAS ONLY MINE.

(Song—Written at Minot, 1910.)

On a Pullman car from Minot
To Kenmare, on the Soo,
A lady sat across the aisle from me
With a sweet babe in her arms,
With smiling eyes of blue.
A picture true of merriment and glee,
I was moved by the expression,
And a longing filled my heart,
A feeling that was simply divine,
As I looked on that sweet face
I wished it was my place
To call that little blue-eyed baby mine.

CHORUS.

My heart first filled with gladness,
But soon was turned to sadness;
No home, no wife, no babe to love divine;
This is my true, sad story,
But I'd feel life's joys and glory,
If that little blue-eyed babe was only mine.

As we smiled on one another,
A smile came from the mother,
As love beams from that babe's blue eyes did
shine,
And as it smiled on me,
From love and sympathy,
I wished that little blue-eyed babe was mine.
But soon the train neared Kenmare,
Where I knew we'd have to part,
Perhaps to never see that face again.
I whispered, God be with you,
As a sigh came from my heart,
And bid farewell to babe and railway train.

As the golden sun was setting
On that western prairie land,
That westbound train kept gliding on its
way;
Heart filled with admiration,
And fond hopes of expectation,
I longed for home, sweet home, and babes
some day.
God be with you, darling,
Is my earnest prayer tonight;
May joy, good health and peace be ever thine;
May your dear parents caress you,
Farewell, adieu, God bless you—
Tho I wish that little blue-eyed babe was
mine.



With my coach and four, I'll have friends galore.

WHEN THE LOOP IS TEN YEARS OLD.

At this present moment
 We are making history fast;
 It's natural that the future
 Will sure surpass the past.
 Tho many changes will take place
 That cannot be foretold,
 I'd like to meet you face to face
 When the Loop is ten years old.

I walked the ground where Mohall stands
 Three years ago today;
 There wasn't anything in sight
 Excepting the survey;
 It took an expert pilot
 To find each corner mould,
 But I'd like a corner on the Loop
 When the Loop is ten years old.

We'll have rural mail delivery,
 Telegraph and telephone;
 We'll have wireless telegraphy
 Connection with the Zone.
 We won't need Hicks or his almanacs
 To post us on the cold—
 We'll show them all a hot time
 When the Loop is ten years old.

We'll have High Schools and Universities,
 And churches for each creed;
 With fiber mills and flour mills,
 We will all others lead;
 The brick we'll manufacture
 Will be the finest sold;
 We'll have a suspension bridge where the
 ferry runs—
 When the Loop is ten years old.

We'll have a Renville County,
 Or no county at all;
 For the county seat you cannot beat
 The City of Mohall,
 The matter hangs with Tracy Bangs,
 An attorney bright, I'm told;
 We've got to win; we won't give in—
 Till the Loop is ten years old.

Our sister, Minnesota,
 Known as the "Timber Hog;"
 We've got the soil, in a short while
 We'll show Minnie how to log.
 A grove on every quarter
 Is the sight you will behold,
 We will need no flax straw burners
 When the Loop is ten years old.

You pioneers, who blazed the way,
 Into this Paradise,
 Don't sell, or don't you mortgage,
 Is my sincere advice.
 Each quarter section will be worth
 Ten thousand plunks in gold,
 If you will have the sand to hold your land
 Till the Loop is ten years old.

The words "Northwestern Canada,"
 Will be spelled "U. S. A.;"
 There won't be any boundary line,
 Not even Hudson Bay.
 And with that country settled
 With Yankee Boys so bold,
 We'll show Secretary Hay and John Bull the
 way,
 When the Loop is ten years old.

WHEN THE LOOP IS TEN YEARS OLD (continued)

There will be no Prohibition then—
We'll put Blind Pigs on the hog;
We'll have only High Licensed saloons,
That will handle first-class grog;
Colored poisons and Tame Moose
No longer will be sold;
We'll have the best they can produce
When the Loop is ten years old.

The coal mines we'll develop,
West of Minot, on the "Soo,"
And we will test for other mines,
And we will find them, too;
Lignite will be the standard coal,
As Washburn oft has told;
To the tune of "Lig Pennsylvania" will jig,
When the Loop is ten years old.

In the summer time we know the clime
Is strictly up-to-date;
As we grow old the winters cold
Are sure to moderate;
While the air keeps dry and health stands by,
The weather we won't scold.
We can easily show Missouri
When the Loop is ten years old.

Our present railroad service
Is rotten to the core;
Of course, poor Jim, we can't blame him,
With his appetite for more.
He keeps raking in the millions,
With the millions he does hold;
By the powers of Mars, we'll have other cars,
When the Loop is ten years old.

Each road will have a main line,
Each main a double track;
The second "Soo" is part way through,
And we know she won't turn back.
The N. P. and the Milwaukee
Are coming, I am told;
Where will the G. N. tow-paths be
When the Loop is ten years old?

An electric railway system
Tom Lowery he will build;
With electric incandescent lights
Each town it will be filled;
On a special line around the loop,
Round trip tickets will be sold—
To show you how to "loop the loop,"
When the Loop is ten years old.

Work on with vim and courage,
On the Prairies of the West;
And when you vote, vote like a man,
For what you think is best.
When we get in true, honest men,
Who can't be bought or sold,
There'll be no cause to revoke the laws
When the Loop is ten years old.

We'll fight those Wall Street plutocrats
Till we force them to the wall;
The lobby in the White House
Won't be a gambling hall.
I see our silver dollar
On an equal with the gold,
With Billy Bryan for President,
When the Loop is ten years old.

Just one word of encouragement,
To oppressed across the sea;
The world would smile if Erin's Isle
Could gain her liberty.
With American assistance,
And leaders not controlled,
I hope to see old Ireland free
When the Loop is ten years old.

I'd also have you understand,
And please let others know,
That I intend for to disband
From farming with a hoe;
I will farm then with a crew of men,
While the poet you'll behold,
With his coach and four he'll have friends
galore,
When the Loop is ten years old.

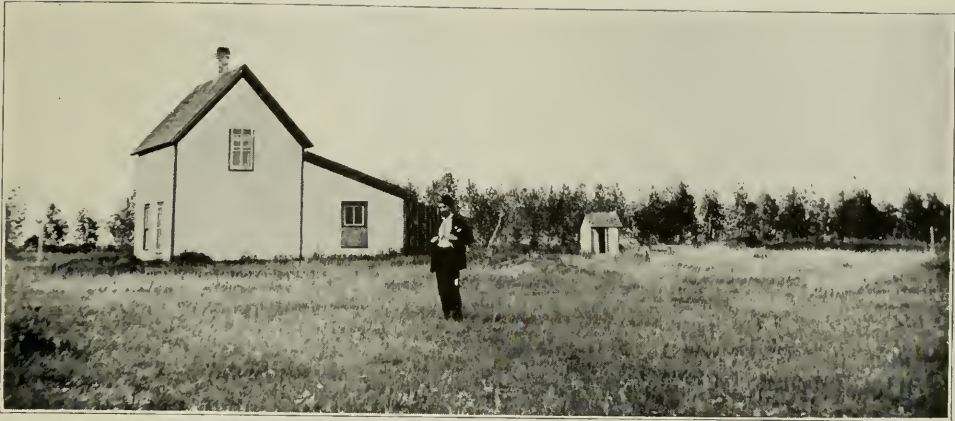
SWEET, CHARMING ANNA MARS.

In a little cot in fair Minot
Dwells a charming little Queen,
With eyes as bright as the stars at night,
She's the fairest one I've seen.
One thing I'll say, I'd gladly say
Ten years behind the bars,
If she'd love me when I'd get free—
Sweet, charming Anna Mars.

Why did the cruel hand of fate
Come knocking at her door,
And human passion agitate
Before love's dream was o'er.
If we had met in innocence,
I vow by sun and stars,
I'd give my life to make her wife—
Sweet, charming Anna Mars.

CHORUS.

Sweet little Belle
I love so well,
I'd get on board the cars,
And bid adieu
To all I knew
For charming Anna Mars.



The Willow Grove Farm, 1910.

A HIGHER JUDGE WILL JUDGE BOTH YOU AND I.

(Written at Duluth, 1912.)

In this world of greed and selfishness many
innocent fall prey
To the deceit and treachery of those that
would betray;
Much loss and sorrow I have felt from de-
ceit, and fraud and lie,
But a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

I was robbed of my blue-eyed babe, the babe
of hopes and dreams;
I still hope on, sad and alone, how far the
goal yet seems;
There is no one seems to understand what
would bring me true joy,
But a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

The attorneys made a hit; they made a grand-
stand play;
What care they for the wounded hearts that
in grief for justice pray;
Win or lose, they always win, their trickery
I defy;
And a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

I find that most all laws would lie you to
your grave,
Tho' they pretend for to defend your rights
against the knave;
From them I got no justice, I was several
thousand shy;
But a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

The District Judge who knew me well has
had his little say;
I don't know why he judged me thus, but
he'll be judged some day;
The evidence submitted there no judge
should justify;
But a higher judge will judge both him
and I.

They took my gold, they took my land, my
old homestead so dear;
To the God of justice I still pray for peace
and comfort and cheer;
When each one takes the witness stand be-
fore the judge on high,
A higher Judge will judge both them and I.

Some men high up in politics look mighty
small to me;
O, what a sin to have them win through cun-
ning trickery;
Through graft and gall they make a stall,
their greed to satisfy;
But a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

They robbed me of my dear old home along
the Minot trail,
Where five long years I pioneered and buf-
feted every gale;
Their cruel hearts are not content, they would
like to crucify;
But a higher judge will judge my foes and I.

I am no loafer or deadbeat, my record plain-
ly shows;
I never booze—that is sad news for all my
bitter foes,
Of the bitter things in this old world I have
had a full supply;
But a higher judge will judge my foes and I.

To those who rob the innocent I have just a
word to say;
The hand of justice will demand a recom-
pense some day.
I'll drown my sorrows with a smile, while
they drown theirs in rye;
And a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

A HIGHER JUDGE WILL JUDGE BOTH YOU AND I (continued)

Tho I have lost at a great cost, my mind is
now at ease;
They can't annoy or mar my joy, I am on the
peaceful seas;
Day by day I hope and pray to that great
judge on high—
The judge that's sure to judge both them
and I.

Some of my closest relatives have persecuted
me;
Their hearts of stone will yet atone for their
inhumanity;
They praise my bitter enemies, my down-
fall they enjoy—
But a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

They meet me with a counterfeit smile—a
smile that plainly shows
They have no sympathy for me—they are my
blackest foes;
If you ask them the reason, they cannot ex-
plain why—
And a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

They entertain my enemies, who tried to
ruin my life;
They flatter them and turn down him who
deserves a real wife;
Their slanderous lies will meet surprise
when the Lord will ratify,
And a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

They now have troubles of their own; their
tainted gold will go;
Year by year it will disappear just like the
melting snow;
They'll wish they never served me so, some
day before they die—
And a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

I thank the Lord, who saved my life—I don't
thank them for that;
I wouldn't change my lot with them, or with
any plutocrat;
I'd rather lose in honest shoes, than win
through a falsity—
For a higher judge will judge both them
and I.

Farewell to dear old Renville and likewise
to Bottineau;
Farewell to the Mouse River Loop, from you
I am forced to go.
On my famous hoe and pen also I always
can rely,
Till a higher Judge will judge my foes and I.

Farewell to my kind neighbors, whom I never
more may see;
Farewell, farewell, old Minot Trail, I hate to
part from thee;
Farewell to the Willow Grove Farm—one
last fond look—good-bye;
But a higher judge will judge my foes and I.

THE GRAND OLD G. O. P.

How did the gold men win the fight in 1866?
Who called our leaders anarchists and silver
lunatics?
Who said if Bryan's elected, the chair he'll
never see?
Was he a gold bug anarchist I'd ask the G.
O. P.?

Who bought the daily papers up when money
could them buy?
To educate the public with insults and with
lie?
You'd always find in large headlines that word
"Prosperity,"
That word it won a million votes for the
grand old G. O. P.

Who was it singled out the flag as something
of their own?
Who gave all others warning to let that flag
alone?
Hanna had it figured out where'er a flag you'd
see,
You'd know it was the emblem of the grand
old G. O. P.

Who said if Bryan's elected we'll have a silver
flood
That will drown out every gold bug of good
old English blood?
It will make some silver miner a millionaire
you see,
"I must object," says Wall street, "I am with
the G. O. P."

Who said the pale faced dollar would be
worth but 50 cents?
And would be 16 times as large when coined
free at the mints?
Who said we love the laboring men they'll
have our sympathy
If they'll worship the full dinner pail and the
grand old G. O. P.?

Who told us all about the trust who said trust
us once more,
And we'll apply a remedy to cure that deadly
sore.
They have quit doctoring with the trusts they
have found a remedy.
They say "Let well enough alone, 'tis the
grand old G. O. P."

THE GRAND OLD G. O. P. (continued)

- Who was it asked the laboring men to join them in parade?
Who was the man that organized the full dinner pail brigade?
Who said 'twas not coercion for to ask an employee
To wear the campaign button of the grand old G. O. P.?
- Who pleaded to men's stomachs when all arguments did fail?
How many bit but got no bite from that full dinner pail?
Some got their mess of pottage some more got the G. B.
While others got their belly full of the grand old G. O. P.
- What have they done for Cuba and Porto Rica too?
What will they do for Panama to get the canal through?
Who played see-saw with Johnny Bull on the Alaskan boundary?
Was it Grover Cleveland or the grand old G. O. P.?
- Who was it shipped ten thousand mules for England from our shores?
To help old England conquer the brave and fearless Boers?
And when Boer representatives came to Washington, D. C.
They got a cool reception from the grand old G. O. P.
- Who said the Filipinos are a very ignorant race,
As we're short of ink and paper we'll use firearms in their place.
With rifle and with cannon balls we'll teach them A. B. C.
That's how we'll educate them we're the grand old G. O. P.
- And when they're educated and the last one laid away,
We'll hoist our flag, the stars and stripes, and to anarchists we'll say,
"Though it waves above a million souls who died for liberty,
Don't haul it down, it's the emblem of the grand old G. O. P."
- Why don't they tackle Canada on their civilizing tour,
If they are so determined to become a great world power?
I'd feel inclined to gamble, if I was up a tree,
That Johnny Bull is in cahoots with the grand old G. O. P.
- Who fought the noblest battle that was ever fought by man?
Who kept the gold bugs spell-bound from the time the fight began?
He did not fight for cursed gold but for humanity
And almost won a victory from the grand old G. O. P.
- The traitors that deserted us in both the last campaigns,
Would recognize Democracy if they only held their reins,
If they repent in sorrow they may come back privately,
But we want no turncoat leaders who fought with the G. O. P.
- There's another campaign close at hand, what will the gold bugs do?
Free silver's dead and buried and the Filipinos too.
They may civilize Columbia, if she fails to agree
To the terms that Miss Panama made with the G. O. P.

ECHOES FROM THE WEST.

(Campaign of 1908.)

Wall Street financiers and panic pioneers
Pray list to the song of the west;
Each note ringing out with a laugh and a shout;
"Billy Bryan is the one we love best."
Go tell to the world our flag we've unfurled,
And placed on it one we adore;
The one that we call the champion of all
An American, true to the core."

CHORUS.

Hear Dakota's sweet tenor
Ring out "Bryan's the winner."
Each note harmoniously fine.
Hear the Hawkeye's soprano,
And the bass of Indiana,
All singing the praises of Bryan.

ECHOES FROM THE WEST (continued)

You financier mechanics, and boosters of
panics,
Now list to the song we sing.
Hear Iowa's soprano and the bass of Indiana,
Will you scoff at the tidings they bring?
You will hear those true notes sung from
millions of throats
Who never before fell in line.
They are now wide awake, and for their
country's sake,
They are singing the praises of Bryan.

New York will be true and our old friend
Missou
Knows Wall Street will have to be shown.
Watch good old Ohio, how she'll tackle the
foe.
Hear Illinois clear ringing tone;
Hear the voice from each state; we're at
victory's gate;
Those words, "equal rights" fill the air.
Stand loyal and true by the Red, White and
Blue,
And we'll place Billy Bryan in the chair.

THE CHAMPION OF HEROES TODAY.

(October, 1908.)

Every nation on earth has its heroes;
Its heroes on land and on sea;
But when fighting the battle of ballots,
There is only one hero for me.
In ninetysix he was our standard bearer,
In nineteen hundred he led the way;
And who dare deny him the title:
"The Champion of Heroes Today."

So let us prepare for the battle,
Let every true Yank fall in line;
Just pickle all Benedict Arnolds
In a good strong solution of Bryaa.
Fight on till the ballots are counted,
With honest words, manly actions and
prayer,
And we'll put the champion of champions
Quite safe in the president's chair.

CHORUS.

Though we have noble Teddies and Johnnies,
Other new and true men so they say;
Though they're great I must state we can't
call them:
"The Champion of Heroes Today."

A LABORING MAN'S APPEAL.

(October, 1908.)

Cheer up, you Yankee sons of toil,
There's victory in the air;
Don't heed the corporation kings,
Or their coercion scare.
Stand by your colors in this fight,
And don't be led astray,
Just keep in line for Billy Bryan,
And we shall win the day.

So stick together in this fight,
Like true and honest men,
And if you do there is no doubt
We will the battle win.
Vote for that true American,
Who above all others shine;
Vote for honest laws and labor's cause,
And for William Jennings Bryan.

SINCE OUR DEAR MAMIE DIED.

(In Memory of Mamie Little, Minneapolis, Minn., 1900.)

This world seems dark and lonely,
And my heart is sad with grief,
Since cruel death took away my pride;
The days are long and dreary,
And in vain I seek relief—
This world seems lonely since dear Mamie
died.

Her dark brown eyes are sleeping
In a silent country grave;
Her auburn tresses cluster by her side,
While I am left here weeping
For the comforts that she gave
In those days before our darling Mamie
died.

Tho I know that she is happy
With the angels far above;
I miss my dear one in this world so wide;
No smiles so sweet as Mamie's,
And the tunes she played I love,
But they're silent since our darling Mamie
died.

WILSON'S CABINET.

How do you do, Mr. President!
I wish to compliment
And sincerely congratulate,
But to be honest and fair,
The man I wanted there
Was our new Secretary of State.

Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo,
We can rely on you,
Our money system to regulate;
You're an expert they say,
But don't overlook the O. K.
Of our new Secretary of State.

I admire Lindley M. Garrison
For the victories he has won;
No wars we need anticipate,
He is admired everywhere;
But he cannot compare
With our new Secretary of State.

James C. Reynolds, I'm told,
Strayed away from the fold,
But he has repented of late.
He hasn't stood the test,
Like the man I love best,
Our new Secretary of State.

And Albert Sidney Burleson
Has much noble work done
That the people should appreciate.
His standards are high
But he can't quite qualify
Like our new Secretary of State.

Josephus Daniels is bright,
And has always been right—
He will keep our Navy up-to-date;
He is a good Democrat,
But must take off his hat
To our new Secretary of State.

And there's Franklin K. Lane,
He's a man with great brain—
They consider him a heavyweight.
He is capable enough,
But he is not the real stuff
Like our new Secretary of State.

Huston, Wilson and Redfield,
Much influence will wield—
Each man is a power in debate;
But please take the hunch—
Not a man in the Bunch
Can outgeneral our New Secretary of
State.

VICTORY AND BRYAN, 1912.

Hark the call of our hero,
As great as the world ever knew.
Hark! Hear the voice of a leader,
A man who is honest and true.
His record, no man can assail it,
His greatness no tongue can define.
Fellow men, hear the call of a nation,
The call is for victory and Bryan.

He is the progressive champion,
He blazed the way for reform;
He fought against Wall Street plutocracy
In every great political storm.
He fought for the masses, not classes;
He defied every trust and combine;
And behold it was gold did defeat him,
When we should have had victory and
Bryan.

CHORUS.

Hark! to the call of our hero,
His greatness no tongue can define;
Hark! to the call of a nation,
The call is for victory and Bryan.

So let no man despair in this contest,
For time always brings its reward;
When the money kings line up for battle,
Their gold cannot purchase discord.
For there is a moral awakening,
That will all other issues outshine.
Be true to your home and your country,
And stand pat for victory and Bryan.

We have been taught many lessons;
Yes, even the Heathen Chinee
Cries out to the Bright Star of Freedom,
"Let me die as I battle for thee."
Fellowmen, I appeal, do your duty,
Be true to a cause that's divine;
Be true to the champion of champions,
And march on to victory and Bryan.



Hon. W. J. Bryan

FOUR WARD COUNTY DELEGATES.

(Written at Minot, 1908.)

The following delegates to the state convention to be held at Grand Forks on March 25, were elected:

Sam Lowe, L. H. Paige, P. W. Arnold, C. R. Shurr, R. H. Grace, John Clifford, Ed Sherman, R. B. Cox, August Riba, J. J. Somers, Arthur Blaisdell, E. W. Burke, D. C. Greenleaf, John L. Fahey, M. J. Barrett, A. D. Hagenstein, L. W. Gammons, John Ehr, Thorwalf Mostad, W. C. McHugh, John Underdahl, Peter Ehr, T. P. Mulick, Mark Francis, W. H. McKee, Anton Rose, W. W. Taylor, N. N. Schilling, W. H. Parker, Peter Holbrook, Henry Hurd, F. M. Hill, John Fust, T. P. Parke and Thos. E. Hagen.

I was a delegate from Ward;
I was thank the Lard;
But I don't thank Barrett or Cox.
They fought against Bryan,
They were never in line,
So we landed them safe on the rocks.

Boss O'Connor did them fix,
To play Ozark flats blix,
But their little game fell through.
For there was no mention
Of Ward at the convention,
Unless some one said skidoo.

Gammons and McHugh
Were for the G. N. and Soo,
At railroading they work fine.
Their master they did serve,
Though it took lots of nerve,
But they failed to sidetrack Bryan.

Your four Johnson boosters,
You back-sliding roosters,
Go join the Wall street bunch.
Now all that we ask
Is please throw off the mask,
Will you kindly take the hunch.

MINNE-APOLIS, MINNESOTA,

Or My Charming Miss Dakota.

Once more I'm back with Minne
And she welcomed my return,
Though five years I've been absent
On my western sojourn.
I must admit I love her still
For I always loved her ways;
She is even looking better
Than she did in bygone days.

Dear Minnie, I'd hardly know you
You have grown mighty tall,
I never thought you would outgrow
Your sister, Miss St. Paul.
Your age improves your beauty
And you're not through growing yet.
Oh! how can I embrace you
If you will much bigger get.

You do more wholesale business
Than your sister, I am told.
It's shameful how they slight o'd maids
When they get just so old.
You sister has my sympathy
She don't look bad at all,
But of course they all know Minnie
Is the sweetest girl of all.

Now Minnie, dear, forgive me
But the truth to you I'll tell,
Out on the western prairie
I met a country belle;
Although I loved you dearly
And my old friend Minne-sota;
I chose instead and won and wed
One charming Miss Dakota.

We are happy in Mouse River Loop,
Encircled by Mouse river,
So don't be jealous, Minnie dear,
Forgive me and forgive her.
I saw some of your other beaus,
Awinking at the prairie,
So don't be angry with them Minn.
For she's a little fairy.

Dear Minnie, I will not deny
I loved you best of any,
I thought you were the sweetest girl
Although I had seen many.
But the girl out west, I now love best,
So farewell Minne-sota,
She has won my heart, I'll never part
With my charming Miss Dakota.

MINNE-APOLIS—MINNIE-HA-HA!

Dear Minnie, I just came to make you a call
And renew old acquaintance and such;
Although I have courted comeiy Miss St. Paul
And have praised Miss Duluth very much.
Forgive me, Dear Minnie, for I still love you
true
As I did in those days long ago.
I first met and loved you back in '82,
Sweet Minnie Ha Ha—well you know.

CHORUS.

Dear Minnie, Sweet Minnie Ha Ha.
Dear Minnie, don't tell your papa.
I still love you true,
And I'd like to steal you,
Dear Minnie, Sweet Minnie Ha Ha.

I then loved your beauty, your charms and
your ways,
And although we have long been apart,
I cherish the memory of those happy days,
That's why you're still dear to my heart.
You look sweeter far than when you were
sixteen—
Your form is so handsome and fair;
Of all I have seen, I must call you the queen
With Minnie there's none can compare.

So now, Lovely Minnie, forgive me and say
I still love as I loved you before;
And promise you'll love me when I'm feeble
and gray,
Dear Minnie, I'll ask nothing more.
No more I will ramble, no more I will roam
To the north or the south, east or west.
I'll be happy with Minnie in our humble
home,
For I still love Dear Minnie the best.

THE NIGHT WE DROVE OVER TO HURD.

A Maxbass delegation
Took a short vacation;
They were a hot bunch, pon my word—
I dream of it yet,
And I'll never forget
The night we drove over to Hurd.

There was Sully and me,
Getschel and Horney, you see,
Sam Ardies' eyesight was blurred;
He had Monson and Onstead
Hunting the river bed,
The night we drove over to Hurd.

It would never do
For me to tell you,
Some love whispers I overheard—
So don't think it strange
If some names should change
From the trip we took over to Hurd.

One girl of the five
Said she knew where to drive—
Fred Horney took her at her word;
She drove into a ridge
In an unfinished bridge
On the night we drove over to Hurd.

One cute little pet,
I am trying to forget—
There are others, but she is a bird;
She's as sweet as the Rose
And I'd like to propose—
Since the night I drove over to Hurd.

Both Nellie and Rose
Got their feet nearly froze,
Soon after the breakdown occurred.
Clara and Evelyne
Thawed out w.th gasoline,
On the night we drove over to Hurd.

To the music so grand,
We danced hand in hand;
They say we were very absurd.
But we got no knock down
In that wonderful town,
The night we drove over to Hurd.

Next morning at four,
We stole into a store;
Before the proprietor stirred—
We had breakfast they say
In Joe Coghlan's cafe
On the morn we drove over from Hurd.



Joseph Colt

MY OLD FRIEND JOE.

(In Memory of Joseph Colt, Duluth, Minn.)

I have lost an old-time friend,
On whom I could depend;
I knew him in my childhood long ago.
We were chums for many years,
And my eyes now fill with tears,
For I have lost my old friend Joe.

He was taken in his prime,
And tho' short may be the time
Until his old-time chums may have to go.
We miss him day by day.
Why was he called away—
A true friend like my old friend Joe?

His heart was light and free,
And he'd welcome you with glee.
I met kind friends while rambling to and
fro,
But when I was sick or well,
If I the truth must tell,
A true friend was my old friend Joe.

His Christian life was bright,
He stood for just and right;
He fulfilled every duty we all know;
But now his task is o'er,
And we'll never see no more
The smiling face of our friend Joe.

From earth he has passed away,
For his poor soul let us pray—
The Father up in Heaven willed it so.
Let us pray to God above
To share his joy and love
Forever with my true friend Joe.

**ALICE AND THE POET'S NEWSPAPER COURTSHIP.
HANDS A WARM BUNCH TO MEN.
Indignant Lady Correspondent Declares Minot Young Men Are Quitters.**

The following communication floated into the Independent office today, and is reproduced unabridged, the name of the writer being withheld by request:
Editor Independent:

Dear Sir—For a long time I have had a growing desire to write to some paper, and through its kindness call the attention of the community to the peculiar plight in which the marriageable young women of the town find themselves.

But I hesitate to commence.

The right words are not easy to think of; two or three times I've started, but the awful truth in print looks so shocking that I kept erasing and starting it all over again.

Being a marriageable young woman (that is, comparatively young), it's a delicate subject for me to handle, as you'll readily understand.

But to get down to brass tacks, the truth is that none of the young men of the town ever ask the girls to marry.

Now, ain't it a fright?

Not only that—but they won't even make a fuss over us. I'm speaking for the whole community of unmarried girls, now, and not just for one or two shelf-worn, moth-eaten, antiquated old derelicts whom a blind man wouldn't smile at, much less marry.

I'm no Venus myself.

But I'm no perfect fright, either. I'm an American beauty compared with some of those spindle-shanked, cadaverous old skeletons that give themselves such airs.

I don't know what the trouble is.

But you know this town is just full of bachelors—fellows that have either brains or money—I don't mean that you often find the combination. But when you've got one, it is a sort of compensation for the absence of the other.

And we old girls, who are losing out, would be satisfied with a modest amount of either. I repeat it, Mr. Editor, something's wrong

with the men. They're not stuck up, for some of them go about without shaving for a week, and flirt with the waitresses in the restaurants. And I don't think they're naturally shy and hermit-like, for I've often seen them rush up to other men and drag 'em into an open door and talk about "having something."

But they just won't pay any attention to us girls.

Girls here give parties and try their best to show the boys a good time; the boys will come, sure they will, and eat what we fix up for them; but they never come back again till there's something more to eat in sight, or we've framed up a little dance that won't cost them much. They never think of planning any amusement for us.

I hope the very ones I'm thinking about will see this, and read it. It will "hit the spot" if they do, for nearly all the boys in town are alike.

This kick doesn't apply to the calf love of the high school children. Puppy love is an epidemic there, as it is in most other schools in small cities. The delinquent gentlemen I refer to are the old boys about town—those who work in offices, have lawyers' cards hanging on their doors, roll pills, and write copy for newspapers—that's the good-for-nothing bunch we forlorn maidens have it in for.

Gee, but they're selfish. But I reckon I've said enough. I think maybe you'll print this. I've noticed lately that the Independent has been printing the news, regardless of people's corns and the sore spots of old croakers who think they own the town, so maybe you'll give us girls a chance to say a word. I don't know whether any marriageable man will get enough worked up over this to answer, but if he does, or if it even starts them to thinking, I'll have done my part and not worked in vain.

Yours truly,
A MARRIAGEABLE GIRL.

A BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

You fair young and old maids,
Who are anxious for to wed,
Don't look for new beaux every night;
Stick to some level head,
And learn to do a woman's work—
To cook, to wash and sew,
Before you go out trapping
For to catch yourself a beaux.

I am one of the old bachelors,
As you can plainly see;
I'd like to capture some old maid,
That would prove true to me;
For I am tired of single life,
And Table d'Hotel;
I am dead anxious for a wife,
If I the truth must tell.

But when I see those awful girls,
The way they put on airs,
And paint and powder and fix up,
As cute as Teddy Bears,
I fall back in my easy chair;
And puff a mild cigar,
I figure in my mind, by gosh!
I'll stay right where I are.

And when I think of happy homes,
That I have seen some day,
With women true and babies too,
As sweet as flowers in May,
I try to figure where we're at,
Or what the deuce is wrong,
If I would dare to pen down my thoughts
I might use words too strong.

A BACHELOR'S LAMENT (continued)

I am an independent chap,
With heart as true as steel;
I'd captivate an ideal mate,
Should Cupid make the deal;
On all life's joys I'd compromise,
And let her have her say,
But business management and money spent
This boy must guide the way.

Although I'm much dissatisfied,
In my perplexing state,
I plainly see there's naught for me
But wait, old boy, just wait.
If some maid true, should me lasso,
Then life I will enjoy;
So girls come thru, it's up to you
To capture this old boy.

REPLY TO THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

I am one of those bachelor girls,
From wisdom, be it said,
For I hear old people say
That any fool can wed.
I've traveled up and down a lot,
From St. Paul to the coast,
I would not marry one I've seen
Of all the blooming host.
I've tried to find one of those men,
That boast of a level head,
But, well, I know that all such men
Are married or all dead.

Now, I can plow, and drill, and mow,
As good as most men can;
I do not see what use I'd make
Of any bachelor man,
Unless, perchance, I'd stand him up
Amongst the tall corn stalks
To move his arms and bow his head
To scare away the hawks;
My claim is out near Minot,
I think a little west;
I'd like to see my bachelor friends,
I'd treat them to the very best.

I would show them I could cook,
And make a batch of bread;
I can wash and sew and also write a book;
My eyes are brown, my hair is black,
My complexion is fair enough;
I do not need a powder box,
Nor yet a powder puff;
I carry in my hand-bag
My fancy work instead;
I'm quite content and do not care to wed,
Unless, perchance, I see a man
That I think is worth pursuing,
Then I will get him if I can—
I think I'll try lassoing.

Now, my standard of a man
Is one that would not marry
On purpose to get some one
The heavy end to carry;
I think a man that wants a wife
To love, to cherish, and obey,
Until I find a man like that
A bachelor girl I'll stay.
And when I'm sitting in my shack,
And shades of evening come,
I'll like to think of the Old Boys
Eating supper in Hotel de Bum
And puffing their best cigars.

"ALICE" WRITES GOOD, COMMON SENSE.

Says She Is Educated and Holding Down Claim, Yet Is Not Above Honest
Work—Her Idea Is a Good Honest Farmer.

(From Ward County Independent.)

Dear Editor:

I am one of the busy, active, healthy and earnest young women, who might figure in this war between bachelors and marriageable girls. My plan would be to pour oil on the troubled waters by saying that they all mean well, but are not understood.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed cares of ocean bear;
Full many a flower was born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"Be ye not unevenly yoked together," at any rate, for such a life is only misery for the contracting parties.

One of the horrors of matrimony is the possibility of shutting the gates of mercy upon

oneself, by taking for a life companion the bilious sort of perpetual grumbler, either in skirts or trousers. A cheerful, sunny face is worth a fortune, yes, ten fortunes. Give me the cheerful worker every time. The jolly soul who can laugh at a joke when his cares are many; the social man, not the cloudy glum fellow, who always hunts for something to kick about in his home. God bless the cheerful whistle of the farm boy, as he comes home after a hard day's work. God bless the cheerful, jolly housemaid, too. Girls look out for the fellow with the thick neck, for he is stubborn as an ox and you are going to ride on his hobbies if you marry him. But still worse than the heavy neck comes

"ALICE" WRITES GOOD COMMON SENSE (continued)

the near-set eyes, for the man or woman with eyes set closely together is narrow-minded, and unreasonable, actually small-minded. He is likely to get you into a rut for the rest of your life. In building up the great west, we have no time to waste on ruddy people. So far as the "shanks" are concerned, they don't count for much, providing they are not too crooked. It is brain power that counts, when taken together with good home training and a kind heart all is well. I am trying hard to make a comfortable home at my claim.

Of course, I would marry if suited. So would they all, but I must say I have never been out "trapping" for a beau in Minot. I know the young men there in a business way, but had never thought that any of them ought to propose to me, and any way I am a little particular concerning my company. ("I pick mine.") However, I am rather curious to meet the gifted author of "A Bachelor's Lament." He has been waiting long enough now. If I can't lasso him, I can at least help him out, because I know plenty of lovely young women in Ward county, and most of them have claims, too. I am a joshier and I am at my best in jolly company. Give me the merry laugh, though I am the hustling sort of the girl that meets the world with a smile, but hurries on to duty, day by day. Some times it is up hill work, and I wish and long for sympathy, for some kindred soul to whom I could tell my exploits, some trusty, substantial friend with whom I could spend my evenings cheerfully and with a full exchange of confidences. I am a Christian (deep in my heart). So deep that nothing earthly could shake my faith in God. My

choice of a husband would be an intelligent, hustling farmer, with an eye to business, and not too old. Excuse me from the mouldy fellow who never goes anywhere. With a live partner I would do my share at building up the west morally, spiritually and intellectually. I am here to stay. I came here from a substantial, God-fearing and hospitable eastern home, to lend a helping hand in building up the country, and at the same time use my homestead right. I believe in wise and intelligent farming, broad and well-tilled fields, with plenty of food in sight for man and beast, where we laugh at the beef trust, the milk trust and the butter shortage. I can work even if I am well educated. There is very little of the Teddy Bear in my make-up and (Joe's mother) would certainly be delighted with my toil-stained hands. But I don't intend to just get down and drudge all my life. Who will answer this?

The next time I write I'll write a funny piece. Let us continue the war of words peacefully. Let me ask you, dear co-worker, to refrain from saying mean things to each other, because it is good, sound, common sense that counts after all. Girls should not be in too great a hurry to marry, because the home needs a better foundation than an old bachelor and a "Teddy Bear." Scripture tells us that "Parents give houses and lands, but a prudent wife is from the Lord." Where has the old-fashioned home gone to any way. Where is the father now, when family prayer time comes he used to sit, book in hand, before the fireplace, waiting for the family to assemble for evening prayer. God bless my father! Do you wonder that I am single. There are few men like him now.

ALICE.

HAD A FEELING IN HIS HEART.

Kenmare, N. D., March 1, 1908.

Dear Editor:

I would like to write a few lines in your valuable volume, if you have no objections, but as I am not a very good scholar you will have to excuse me in many instances. I am very much interested in the correspondence of the young ladies and gentlemen of Ward county, published in your weekly paper. Especially am I interested in Alice's writing, as we are of the same opinion. I like to know where I am at before I get tied up in a deal, not that I am of a suspicious nature and afraid, but it saves hard feelings and trouble in a great many instances. My home is near Niagara, N. Y. It will be two years in April since I came west. I have met many classes of people in my travels. Nearly all that I have met since I left home were strangers, but have been very fortunate in always having a lot of friends after I became acquainted. It

would cause me to feel bad when I would bid some of these same people good-bye. In fact, when it came to part with them I would feel as bad as I did when I left home. Having never been away from home very much it brings rather a strange feeling over a fellow sometimes. I was born and raised upon a farm and never spent much time in town. My parents were very religious and we attended church every Sunday. Since coming out west I have found surroundings very different and have been unable to attend church as I would have liked to. If Alice has no objection I would be pleased to learn what church she is a member of. I have not taken this matter up as a joke and for what fun there is in it, but am writing with the greatest sincerity and would take much pride and comfort in building up a home. I would not want to be a bachelor the rest of my days for all the world. I am a home man and long for companionship. At present I am living with a

HAD A FEELING IN HIS HEART (continued)

private family, who have three little children, and I have become so attached to the little ones that it would be hard for me to part with them. This couple take great pride and comfort in their little ones, and I am sure that it is a gloomy home where there are no children. I would like very much to correspond with Alice, but prefer to do so by letter. Below I will give her my address and if she will

be kind enough to write, giving me her address, I will be pleased to answer her questions and give her any further information desired.

Miss Alice may then judge for herself as to my qualifications as a worthy companion. My address will be box 288, Kenmare, N. D.

Yours very truly,

LEO.

ALICE HAS THEM ALL GOING.

From Ward County Independent

"Alice," the mysterious young woman who has been stirring up such an intense feeling in the hearts of many of the old boys by her articles in the Independent, impelled a Kenmare swain to write a letter to the Inde-

pendent recently, in which he made a plea for her to divulge her name to him. This has stirred up one of Alice's Minot admirers, who breaks out in verse this week as follows:

Dear Alice I'm doting on you, day and night,
Those sweet lines you wrote filled my heart
with delight;

I'll ask but one favor, so don't be unfair—
Just give me a chance with that chap from
Kenmare.

I have also a feeling in my tender heart—
I long for to meet you, no more for to part.
My gold and affections with you I would
share,

If you'd take me, instead of the boy from
Kenmare.

I would tell you my exploits on land and on
sea,

I would tell of my troubles for your sym-
pathy,

I would share your sorrows, your joys and
all care,

If you'd love me, instead of that boy from
Kenmare.

Now, sweet, charming Alice, don't be un-
kind;

I know that your equal is hard for to find;
I'll trust your judgment if I'm on the square,
So take me, or just take that boy from Ken-
mare.

Sweet Alice I'll call you the Pride of the
West;

Tho I've never seen you, I love you the best;
I could love another, but my earnest prayer
Is, give me a chance with the chap from
Kenmare.

You'll find me in Minot, that city of fame;
I'd write of you more if I knew your last
name;

I may write again when I have time to spare.
So don't turn me down for that chap from
Kenmare.

So, now, lovely Alice, I must say adieu,
Although I would like to write more about
you;

I sincerely love you, I do on the square—
In fact, I feel worse than that chap from
Kenmare.

ALICE WOULD FORM BACHELOR CLUB.

Gives the Old Boys Some More Good Advice—Scores the Fellow at the Hotel
—How Young Boys and Girls Are Being Lead to Ruin—
Would Lift Them Up.

Dear Editor:

As the bachelors seem anxious to hear from Alice once more I shall try to make my letter clear and impressional. While I am a careful student of phrenology and can read features and palms with no mean ability, I shall refrain from further comments concerning necks and eyes until a liberal fee for such information is forthcoming.

I enjoy reading faces and watching the build of heads. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor fellow out in the Hills who understood that I had made statements concerning "crooked eyes." Bless your soul, man, crooked eyes may be set in place by an oculist and not cause the slightest difference in the personal nature. What I did say was that persons with eyes set near together were unreasoning mortals, lacking in judgment, rash, tempestuous and strictly buzz-fuzz. There are some people that we cannot reason with because they are people of narrow views. One sided people and usually selfish as well as stubborn, I can pick thm out in glancing over an audience. Now, am I understood?

Concerning the bachelor in Grand Meadow, Minn., I wish to remark that he is a strong socialist, but a good fellow, if he is the man we think he is. I suppose he sat up and took notice when we spoke of Socialism. It is a well known fact that when there is anything in view along matrimonial lines some can always butt in, can't let things alone, you know. But, really, Jess, we never suspected you of being meddlesome before. So you think "the sun shines nearly all the time in North Dakota," do you? Yes, Jess, you are quite right, but don't you remember the hundreds of rainy days when the mail didn't go out and Walter got fussy concerning the R. F. D. drivers? Where was the sun then? Perhaps the "young man at the hotel" couldn't or would not meet the requirements. No doubt he had a "full assortment of bad habits," and has retired to some sanitarium to reform. Let me say to you, dear bachelors, one and all, if you don't want to be styled "buzz fuzz" don't butt into every arrangement that comes up and argue against all common sense and reason until you make yourself very tiresome members of society. Try to weigh your reasoning and see if it is up to the standard weight for good, sound logic. Don't rattle away your precious time on trash. Plenty of married men and some single men think it is smart or cute to scoff at religion and stand about in gangs, making low and rude remarks about women. I consider a bachelor claimholder, who is farming his land with industry, quite a hero. He means well and ought to have honor and respect in a measure equal to his honest intentions. He

wants a home and ought to have a good wife before he goes crazy wondering what is going to become of him if he remains single much longer. Young man, why not be a power for good among your friends, rather than an agent for evil. God has given you intelligence, why not make a noble use of it? Surely there is misery and sorrow enough in this world without your contribution. Young men who have been well trained in good eastern homes will come here and play the idiot while in company with a set of hardened wretches, boot leggers and grafters, who live by such thievery. We are very much in need of local societies for the protection of boys and well-meaning young men who are often times led astray for lack of decent amusements, either at home or within reach. My heart and sympathies are with the young people. None of them are bad until some one older leads the way to the dark and downward path. Why not have a regular system of decent amusement for young people.

God bless the young people. I would keep them always about me and council them wisely. What do you think of parents who will let young girls and boys go to boot-leg dances, gotten up for the sale of liquor? Cut it out, young people; cut it out, or your reputation is ruined; cut it out, or your most sure to turn out a social and moral wreck. For God's sake, let us get busy and form societies for our boys and girls.

Earnest parents, bestir yourselves in behalf of the social lives of your budding girl and thoughtless boys. Teach them self-respect or some one else will teach them no end of deviltry before you know anything about it. What does a good, honest home boy think when he sees a bunch of older fellows drinking, gambling and frequenting dens of vice. He is shocked at first, but gradually he becomes curious and follows the example of older and more foolhardy men.

Do you blame that boy? No, you must rather pity him. We are told that such scenes cause the angels to weep. Then my bachelor friends and all come out and help me in this grand work. What good can a woman's club do with a problem of this nature? It is the men we want. They know all the pitfalls better than we do. Now, remember, I want your assistance in this beautiful work. The old girls are with us always. They mean well all the time. The old boys are what we need to turn the wheel. Parents cannot keep their children at home from objectionable places unless they offer some form of clean, wholesome recreation instead. Young people are just foolhardy enough to run away if they can't go where they please. Young blood is restless and must have vent. But experience

ALICE WOULD FORM A BACHELOR'S CLUB (continued)

has taught me that boys will take more readily to good than to evil. So, why not make the influence good for young boys. We must organize. There is no other way. I want 500 bachelor subscribers to this club right away. Call it the "Alice club" until we meet in grand convention next July and vote on some real name for the club. With such a club a grand wave of social reform would rise up over this beautiful land of perpetual sunshine that would prove as great a blessing to its people as its broad fields of golden grain. Now, bachelors, come out every man of you, and help in this social work. What are the duties of the Alice club, you ask? Well, here are some of them:

Try to be decent yourself. Never set a bad example for boys. Never speak coarse and rough about women in the hearing of any one. Send married men home to their fami-

lies and not let them hang around the "pigs" until they are beastly drunk and have spent the money that should go to the wife and family. Go home with them if need be. Never scoff at any form of church work. All mean well to say the least. The only trouble with our church work is that scoffers prejudice the mind of youth. Help to get up social entertainments and parties for the young people, as well as for the older members of society. Be faithful and zealous worker for good among your neighbors. Send in your names to Alice in care of the Independent. I wish this society to get busy all along the line. A president will be elected for each circle and I am sure the work will move on smoothly. The president must be a man highly respected by all his fellows. So, now, get ready for the first election. ALICE.

ALICE'S MATRIMONIAL SCHOOL.

You bachelors, both young and old,
Rejected and forlorn;
Don't stew and fret and oft regret
The day that you were born.
You've chased for rainbows much too long,
So try the latest rule:
Send in your application
To the Matrimonial School.

You must make solemn promise
With the application fee,
That you will never drink or smoke,
Or use profanity;
And also shun those dens of vice
Where hell's flames beg for fuel;
Now, boys, be good, do as you should—
Join the Matrimonial School.

So, now, old boys, my college chums,
I'm going to reform.
I'll promise you I have gone through
The last destruction storm.
So day by day I'll hope and pray
To win some true blue jewel;
I have no doubt I'll sure win out
In the Matrimonial School.

Let us ever praise sweet Alice—
The pride of the Northwest—
Her good advice will cheer us
Until we find peace and rest.
I have applied for membership,
To prove that I'm no fool,
And I'll do my best to graduate
From the Matrimonial School.

Cheer up, old boys, take my advice,
You'd better join with me;
Without a wife you know that life
Is not what it should be.
Picture a home, sad heart alone—
How can you be so cruel?
Then picture two, loving and true,
From the Matrimonial School.



“WHEN TH’ FEVERS IN THE BLOOD.

Ain’t felt right pert fer a week er two;
 Been sorter cranky an’ restless an’ blue;
 No p’tickler reason, es I ken see;
 Can’t find enythin’ specially wrong wi’ me;
 Jes’ don’t feel frisky an’ don’t wanter do
 A goldarn thing that I don’t hev to;
 Food don’t taste jes’ ’xactly right;
 Sleep is kinder broken up at night;
 Don’t wanter set still, an’ don’t wanter walk;
 Don’t wanter keep quiet, an’ don’t wanter talk;
 Nothin’ t hinder me from doin’ jes’
 Th’ very thing thet ’ll suit me bes’;
 Yet when I’m doin’ jes’ what I wanter to,
 I find it’s jes’ what I don’t wanter do.

Now I wonder

What’s th’ matter

Wi’ me, by thunder?

’Tain’t fever, sure—fer my heat an’t riz;
 ’Tain’t billousness; ner rheumatiz;
 ’Tain’t my head, fer I think right smart;
 ’Tain’t my liver, ner yet my heart;
 ’Tain’t stomach, ner gout—then goldarn me
 ’Tain’t nothin’ at all, es I kin see.
 En yet it’s somethin’—guess I’ll go
 An’ see th’ doctor; he’ll sure know.

Seems t’ me I remember this very same thing
 Come on about this same time las’ spring;
 An’ th’ doctor doped me with nasty stuff
 By th’ gallon, an’ I bought drugs enuff
 T’ start a store; but Lordy, they
 Couldn’t drive that gnawin’ inside away;
 Somethin’ jes’ a-gnawin’ at my innards—th’
 same

Symptoms thet I hed when th’ las’ spring came.
 Gosh! what’s th’ use o’ seein’ th’ doc?
 He ain’t got nuthin’ et all thet ’ll knock
 This here trouble thet allus comes
 When th’ birds all sing an’ th’ honey bee hums.
 When th’ ice breaks up, an’ th’ streams all roar;
 An’ th’ soft air blows through th’ open door;
 When th’ v’lets come, an’ th’ grass blades
 sprout,

An’ th’ sun gits warm, an’ th’ buds break out;
 Lemme tell you this—when th’ world gits green
 An’ a feller gits ornery, restless an’ mean,
 Thar ain’t no doctor in eny place
 Es kin properly diagnose his case.

The on’y cure fer a man I know
 Is t’ git right out o’ th’ town an’ go
 Where th’ wil’ ducks swarm an’ th’ geese go
 by,

An’ th’ trout an’ bass are a-jumpin’ high;
 Th’ on’y thing thet’ll cure him then
 Is t’ git away from his feller-men,
 An’ loaf all day by some laffin’ stream,
 An’ fish an’ whistle an’ sing an’ dream,
 An’ listen t’ birds an’ bugs an’ hear
 Th’ voice o’ th’ woods in his eager ear,
 An’ smell th’ flowers, an’ watch th’ squirrels,
 An’ cast a fly where th’ eddy whirls,
 An’ fergit that there’s cities an’ houses an’ men,
 Fergit thet he’s got ter go back agen.
 Fergit, when on moss-grown bank he’s curled,
 Thet thar’s enythin’ else in th’ whole wide world
 But jes’ him, an’ th’ birds, an’ th’ bugs an’
 things

Thet live right thar where th’ wild stream sings.

JIM'S VACATION AT HIBBING IN 1907.

I took a short vacation,
My brothers for to see;
I'll do my best to tell you,
How they all did welcome me.
They met me at the station
With the Hibbing City band;
The way they serenaded me
Was something mighty grand.

The band played "Jimmy Comes Marching
Home,"
And "Auld Saint Patrick's Day;"
They marched and played until they came
In front of Mike's Cafe;
They wined me and they dined me,
They catered to every whim—
That's how the boys in Hibbing
Entertained their brother Jim.

They gave a grand reception
At the Theatre Power;
They showed me Burdie's Car Line
In less than half an hour.
They then showed me Mahoning Mine,
And Al Powers' Headquarters' Camp,
Then took me down to Crooked Lake
Deer hunting with a lamp.

I'll mention just one other trip,
For fear I might forget:
The day we went to Nashwauk,
And from there to Calumet.
There I saw Scrapps Costello
And Chuck O'Connor fight,
But neither won the championship
In Calumet that night.

They next took me to Eveleth,
To the Flandrie-Whitehead bout;
In less than half a round, that noon
He knocked the white man out.
I bet my dough on Flandrie—
Al Smith was with us, see—
I lost, by gum, but I kept mum,
For I'm a sport, that's me.

And while I speak of fighters,
And that Mista Walt Whitehead,
They brought a man from Chicago
For to kill this nigger dead.
You'll have to see this bloody fight,
Says brother Mike to me;
I'll show you I'm dead game sport,
So here's a ticket free.

But Mista Walter Whitehead
Put Heller to the bad;
The way that darkie fought that night
Would drive a white man mad.
Tom Madden was the referee—
From Duluth, you all know—
Tom hollered foul, threw up the sponge,
And Whitehead got the dough.

Mike took me out to Chisholm
In his big automobile;
The way he flew broke me in two,
But yet I didn't squeal.
On our way back he jumped the track—
The chance for life looked slim;
I didn't like the ride that Mike
Gave to his brother Jim.

He then did introduce me
To the King Bees of the town;
Shake hands with Jim, he said to them,
He's a poet of renown;
He is from Big Dick, and he's a brick,
So fill them to the brim—
That's how the boys in Hibbing
Entertained their brother Jim.

They took me out sleigh-riding
In Billy Barret's tally-ho;
The way they drove four spanking blacks
Was anything but slow.
Just as we crossed the railroad bridge,
One lady, she got weak,
To soothe her pain, she took champagne,
And recovered, so to speak.

They next took me ski jumping
Away out on Maple Hill;
The way they jumped right through the air,
Forget I never will.
One Norway boy the record broke—
His name I just forget—
But on that Norsk ski jumper
I didn't have a bet.

I only bet ten dollars,
But I might have bet ten more.
Dick Giffin he gave me the tip—
That's why I felt so sore—
Because Dick was a race horse man,
I had good faith in him;
I lost the mon, so now's I'm done—
No more ski jump for Jim.

One night my Brother Mart took me
Into the Hotel Miles;
I bought a stack, then gave them back,
And bought two more big piles;
Take reds or blues, just as you choose,
The white chips are too slow;
While the chips did last we bet them fast,
But went broke on double O.

On our next night's jaunt
We met Joe Zant—we called at Harry
Breen's;
It is no joke, I almost went broke,
Playing the slot machines.
Each time we won we'd split the mon—
We both got our flam-flim.
Twenty dollars out by the slot machine route
Was enough for Brother Jim.

JIM'S VACATION AT HIBBING (continued)

They next took me to Long Ear Lake
Horse-racing for to see;
They said that Albert H. would run,
And likewise Lucy P.
Al Powers and Bryan O'Rourke,
Two horsemen of renown,
With purses full, each vowed he'd pull
The other's colors down.

Fred Twitchell and Frank Ainsley
Had horses in the race;
Little Jim and Billy Sunday
Both led an awful pace.
Joe Cox and Billy Barrett
Made bets they wouldn't lose,
While others bid on the Adrian Kid
With Kieffman and Judge Hughes.

When they were ready for the heat
Jim Buchard did appear
With his long Jim in perfect trim,
He had nothing for to fear.
Dock Plapper and John Pomeroy
Came skipping over the track,
With George Scott and Exception,
They couldn't hold them back.

I tried to pick the winning horse
That day upon the ice;
I can't forget the way I bet
On one old sport's advice.
In every heat my horse got beat—
It made my eyesight dim;
'Twas not the horse that lost, but what it cost,
That bothered Brother Jim.

They took me to the Swan river
For to see Diamond Mack.
We stopped at other noted towns
When we were coming back;
At Kelley Lake and Mitchel
They entertained us right,
With music sweet they seemed to greet
Me everywhere that night.

When I awoke next morning
I felt both sick and sore;
I thought of mother's warning,
And I took a vow once more,
To quit sporting and gambling,
And have the courage and vim
To stand up each day with pride and say—
No more dissipating for Jim.

THE DAY WE RODE BEHIND M'ARTHUR'S BLACKS.

(Written at Duluth, 1912.)

Four Hibbing sports so gay
To Chisholm made their way—
Not knowing Longyear Lake was full of
cracks.
They all got quite a soak,
And some of the boys went broke—
The day we rode behind McArthur's blacks.

CHORUS.

There was Gullicson and me,
And Brother Will, you see;
We tried our best to cover up our tracks;
But we made too big a break
In the ice on Longyear Lake—
The day we rode behind McArthur's blacks.

The road was rather wavy,
Some jolts were mighty heavy—
It was lucky we had cushions at our backs.
I took swift rides before,
But I don't want no more—
Like the one I took behind McArthur's
blacks.

At Riley's we did stop,
Then went to the plumbing shop,
Got fixed up and gladly paid the tax.
Then we telephoned Joe Zant,
We'd like to but we can't—
The day we rode behind McArthur's blacks.

The town we did survey
Before we came away
We inspected every building but the shacks.
The postoffice looked the best
To the farmer from the west—
The day we rode behind McArthur's blacks.

When I awoke next morn
I looked somewhat forlorn—
I was shy a lot of North Dakota flax.
In spots I felt quite sore,
And vowed I'd ride no more—
Behind McArthur's noted span of blacks.

FIGHTING PAL BROWN.

(Written at Hibbing, Minn., 1911.)

Have you heard of the Kid—
Have you heard what he did
To the fighters who thought they were
tough?
He has won every bout,
He knocked the best of them out—
Just two draws, and that's good enough.
His manager, Doc Plapper,
Will pit this plucky scrapper
Against all top-notchers, bar none.
So bring on the best,
From the east or the west,
A ringer or some great unknown.

So, three cheers for Pal Brown,
He's the pride of the town,
He's the champion lightweight of the West.
He has never been beat,
And is anxious to meet
Ad Wolgast, as well as the rest.
He is there with the punch,
So please take the hunch—
He will soon wear the championship crown.
He is the best ever yet,
So if you make a bet,
Just pick out the winner, Pal Brown.

He knocked out Kid Paul,
Who stayed three rounds, that all;
Kid Davis took his count in two;
And he made Constantene
Talk of what he had been
In both fights, that's what he did do.
Mike O'Keefe couldn't stay;
He put Brennan away,
Jackson, Trenholm and McCann.
And he put on the lid
On the Savoy Hairy Kid,
And also the tough Neneman.

Murphy, O'Leary and Loye
Took the count—that's no lie—
From the jabs of the Jack Pine Kid.
They met the same fate
As the rest on his slate,
They were all satisfied with one bid.
He put Greenwald to sleep;
He was too green to keep,
So his hide he did tan and salt down.
And Chuck Larson, the great,
Met his master and fate
When he met our hero, Pal Brown.

So drink a toast to Pal Brown,
That boy of reknoun,
In Hibbing they do him admire.
He has fought on the square,
And demands nothing unfair,
For honor he does much aspire.
So, bet your loose change
On the pride of the range,
To defeat may he never go down.
May he always be found
Wide-awake to the sound
Of the referee's count—Pal Brown.

OUR SPECIAL BILL OF FARE.

(Written in Hibbing, 1901.)

Did you see our Special Bill;
'Tis strictly up to date.
I know 'twill suit the better class,
Who knows just what to ate.
The rarest foreign dishes—
Jack Rabb-it and Long Hair;
Also two home-made Fishes
On our Special Bill of Fare.

CHORUS.

Ping Pong, Chow-Chow, for breakfast;
Rat Hash—Red Hot—at noon;
Pig tails cooked to order;
Mock Possum and Mock Coon.
For supper try our Sucker Pie,
Or Bull Heads stuffed with air;
Cromos thrown in from far Pekin,
On our Special Bill of Fare.

The color of our Special Bill
Will suit most all in town;
We know 'twill tickle you to death—
It looks so nice and brown.
The background of our regular Bill,
The printer he made white;
That's why so many kick and frown
And lose their appetite.

You see our Regular Bill of Fare
Is somewhat mixed in price;
And when it goes above two bits
It makes some folks look twice.
I'm not so fussy where I drink,
Or where I buy my wear,
But where I shine is when I dine
On the Special Bill of Fare.

OUR SPECIAL BILL OF FARE (continued)

While standing on the corner—
It nearly made me smile—
To see so many would-be swells
Marching in double file.
And when I saw a white man,
It almost made me stare,
To see the "push" all make a rush
For our Special Bill of Fare.

Put on your stand-up collar,
Your cady and red tie;
Pull down your vest, throw out your chest,
Then look a little shy;
And if you're shy the quarter,
Just borrow one somewhere,
And blow the whole darn business
On our Special Bill of Fare.

Our suckers are delicious;
We catch them here in town;
Our other fish are bullheads—
We fry them nice and brown.
They are not on our Regular Bill;
The space we could not spare;
You see they'd be too swell a dish
For our Regular Bill of Fare.

Our goods we get from Hongkong;
They do not cost a cent;
We stand in with the City Board;
We don't pay any rent.
So order everything in sight—
For prices do not care—
It all goes for a quarter
On our Special Bill of Fare.

We've got the whites most dead to rights—
We've got more than our share;
So every man do all you can
To put them in the air.
Don't feel shy—don't pass us by—
Come in and don't feel scared;
Just one trial will make you smile
On our Special Bill of Fare.

So, Christian folks in Hibbing,
Please patronize us—do—
For, although we are heathen,
We very much love you.
We like Uncle Sammy,
Our Governor and Mayor;
But we no like Sour Dough Mike
And his pale-faced Bill of Fare.

A CAMP COOK'S DOWNFALL.

A great camp cook threw up his job
At his best friend's command;
I'll go and tempt the fates, he said,
In Hibbing town so grand.
And so he landed there, be gosh,
In that booming mining town.
And opened up a restaurant,
And swore he'd settle down.
He was the landlord, clerk and cook,
And table waiter, too;
He'd waited on the counter some,
And had enough to do.
The town grew fast, his business throve—
He hired some extra hands;
His profits he soon did invest
In stocks and western lands.

And as he throve he felt a want—
Mysterious, dim, obscure—
He could not tell exactly what,
But there it was for sure.
Ha! ha! he cried, a sudden light
Broke on him while at dinner;
I want a printed bill of fare,
And I do—as I'm a sinner.

He loaded it with lots of French.
To sort of give it style,
And proudly he set it forth,
His boarders to beguile.
There came six lumberjacks to town,
All armed and fierce and grim;
Each man picked up a bill of fare,
Then hastened out to him.

Then on that pale and trembling man
Their words fell fierce and hot;
Why don't you talk United States?
What is this Dago rot?
What's a Lay-Matee-D-Hotel?
What's Pum-Mey-D-Ter-See?
What's Mack-er-Honey-au-Gra-teen?
What's Me-new? What's Sau-tee?

Who's Juli-ana? Who's Tommy-T?
Who's Li-and-May-o-Nass?
Say is Con-Sommy Printer near?
Where is Pat-o-Foy-Grass?
Yer growing rich, yer getting proud,
Yer want 'ter be a dude.
The daisies' claim yer tender toes,
Yer'll do the grass roots good.

There fell a gravelike silence then.
Each man his jackknife drew.
The doctor's perforator's count
Reached one hundred and two.
This man was too advanced for use—
He had too great a head.
His bill of fare had too much French
For those he oft had fed.

And so, be gosh, they turned him down,
In winter and in summer,
No one seemed to care a darn
When he went on the hummer.
In a plain hotel or restaurant
He could have made it pay;
But he went bump—wasn't he the chump?—
To name the place Cafe.

THE HOTEL COSMOS.

This poem was written in 1891 at Spokane, Washington. The author had lost all his belongings in the Seattle fire and was playing in hard luck, and he accepted a position as pantryman at the Hotel Cosmos. After commencing work he discovered that the head cook was a Chink, Mrs. Burke was the landlady, and the kitchen was on the sixth floor. Four days later the expert dish washer was in Coerdeleon, Idaho, working for one hundred dollars per month.

My present posish
Is washing the dish,
Though at cooking I used to be boss.
I've been cooking for years,
But now it appears
I must booster around the Cosmos.

For a moment don't think
That I gamble or drink—
In business I had quite a loss.
And I've got papers to show
That I am no hobo
Though I wash dishes at the Cosmos.

I'll show Mrs. Burke
I'm no Jap or no Turk,
And she'll find I'm a very poor cross;
For I just come to know
That Chinaman Joe
Is chef at the Hotel Cosmos.

I am just taking stock
So I'll soon take a walk.
I'd rather be farming in Floss;
Than have people think
I once worked with a Chink
One day at the Hotel Cosmos.

But the chambermaids three
Are as cute as can be,
And if I had a little more moss;
I'd make no delay
In naming the day
With one at the Hotel Cosmos.

Not long I'll remain
In the Town of Spokane,
Where the Chinese and women are boss.
With a tear in my eye
I will soon say "good bye"
To the fair ones around the Cosmos.

When I make a stake
I'll prove I'm no fake;
I'll return with a bright golden gloss.
If she don't be my bride,
I'll commit Susan Side,
From the sixth story of the Cosmos.

THE WOULD-BE BUSINESS MAN.

(Written at Olivia, Minn., 1895.)

I.
There's a green country Swede,
Who is noted for greed,
Olivia is where he does dwell;
He used to mossback,
Till business got slack,
And then he went keeping hotel.

II.
The Hotel De Grand
Is at his command,
But his cooks will not show him respect.
To give meals at all hours,
And serve milk when it sours,
And buy ice his food to protect.

III.
In front of the Grand,
This hayseed will stand,
His vest pockets filled with cigaroots,
He may call on Pete Ryan,
Though he never drinks wine—
In the basement he blackens his boots.

IV.
He loves shoulder roast,
And of round steak he'll boast,
His meats must be cut small and thin;
Screen doors he despises,
But he loves chasing flies,
To use tanglefoot is a sin.

V.
You seldom would find
A Swede man so kind
To the needy who happened his way,
Until he got beat
Taking one from the street.
Her expenses were high, so they say.

VI.
She could not afford
To pay room and board,
So he gave her three dollars to go;
She says that will take
Me to Buffalo Lake,
Where I'll find more suckers, you know.

THE WOULD BE BUSINESS MAN (continued)

VII.

He's a batch to his sorrow,
But has hopes in tomorrow,
With school-man's he don't seem to take;
He stands in with one,
She's the Grand Central blonde—
She loves him for ice cream and cake.

VIII.

From the latest report,
He's a would-be sport;
In Minneapolis he made quite a splash.
Down on Second street,
Some sports he did meet;
They relieved him from sixty in cash.

IX.

Good luck to poor Pete,
And your No. 10 feet,
Your head is too round for to swell;
Get your gunny sack,
And to Sweden go back,
But never go keeping hotel.

THE COOK CAR MAGNATES.

(Written at Duluth, Minn., 1893.)

Knudsen and McCune
They own the stars and moon
And have got a mortgage on the sun.
They own every boarding car
On railroads near and far,
But wont employ a cook who has a gun.

Their supply man so sedate
Is Fredrickson the Great;
He was chief mogul on the D. M. and N.
But he got an awful jar
In a certain dining car,
And vows he wont molest a cook again.

CHORUS.

So white cooks now beware
Of this bulldozing pair;
They'll pay you off in time checks never due.
They'll put you off each day
Until your hair is gray
And then the same old song they'll sing to you.

He caused arrest and tried,
But the costs reduced his pile;
Attorney Edison made him look rather sick.
He gave him compliments,
Till he looked like thirty cents;
Then Knudsen paid the cook up mighty quick.

They furnish rotten meat,
Potatoes are a treat,
They'll stint you on oleomargarine.
Fish or eggs you never see,
And they'll swear they shipped you tea
In a bottle they do furnish kerosene.

So white cooks drink a toast
To the bunch that got the roast;
It comes quite high to give good cooks the run.
Cheap pot-gang cooks will do
For all they want is stew;
But don't get into law suits through a gun.

IF I WAS IN FLANNIGAN'S PLACE.

I am lonely today
In a land far away,
And my steps I would like to retrace,
For my heart is on fire
With a longing desire
For to be in Flannigan's place.

You sweet, charming Minnie,
You fair Irish guinea,
Your neat form I would embrace;
I would stick to you true,
As the grass to the dew,
If I was in Flannigan's place.

As I sit here tonight,
My heart beats with delight,
When I think of your charming, sweet face;
I would call you my queen,
My dear Irish colleen—
If I was in Flannigan's place.

You sweet Irish daisy,
Your smiles drive me crazy;
Oh, could we but meet, face to face;
I would speak from my heart,
And no more we would part,
If I was in Flannigan's place.

My bright Irish jewel,
Now don't be so cruel,
But give me a chance in the race;
I would soon tie the knot,
And bring you to Minot,
If I was in Flannigan's place.

You cute Irish fairy,
My love will not vary,
I love your manner and grace
Tho I'm from Killarney,
Don't give me no Blarney—
Just put me in Flannigan's place.

TO THE MAIDS OF TACONITE.

(Written at Taconite, Minn., 1911.)

I have traveled up and down a lot,
From St. Paul to the Coast,
And I have met a lot of charming girls,
I fancied I liked most.
But the fairest bunch I ever saw,
That fairly dazed my sight,
Are the girls, so sweet, none can compete,
With the maids of Taconite.

They always look so graceful,
Each wears a pleasing smile;
They are just the size to take the prize,
They dress in neatest style;
And if you are fond of daucing,
It would fill you with delight
To have a whirl with any girl
From the town of Taconite.

So, here's good luck to each fair maid
In that little mining town;
When you are in their company
No face could wear a frown;
May each one wed some level head
For love, and not for spite;
So, now, adieu, good luck to you,
The maids of Taconite.

But I feel sorry for the boys,
That are sticking to their Ma,
For what is life without a wife,
And a tot to call you pa.
My college chums, take my advice,
And you will find this world more bright,
If you will set the day, not far away,
With a maid from Taconite.

If you are just her cousin,
Give some other guy fair play;
Don't aggravate and have her wait
Until her hair turns gray.
So, girls, don't be too patient,
Demand what's just and right;
The girls are few that equal you—
You maids of Taconite.

THE MICHIGAN SPECIAL OF 1911.

It was the second of November,
That the Holman Pit was closed.
The Michigan men with Henry Denn
Went to Cassidy's to get soused.
Mike Callahan said to pull to Ishpeming,
In the hump we make our home;
Then Welet did swear, we'll not go
To Negaunee we must roam.

Ed Welsh he blew with Johnny Shoe
To Gorrell's to pack their trunk,
The amount of beer it looked so queer
Both timekeepers they got drunk.
Geo. Apitz and Ed Mingus,
Both took a five-dollar goose,
But Smoky Guyer he took a fier,
To the brush to catch a moose.

When the special train pulled into town,
Poor Cohen he did faint,
Old Regals breath it came in pants,
Dan Cassidy looked old and quaint.
Bob Loux came to the rescue
As his massive chest it grew;
Now boys, he said, bills must be paid,
Or this train will be overdue.

Then came ex-Judge O'Connell,
With future automobile fame;
I'll hike me out to Washington,
I always liked that name.
The judge bought his three tickets,
He was sure to be on time;
When down the track ran little Jack
Straight to Camp twenty-nine.

They called on Con McTaggart,
To pull the special out,
To Signal Bell and news did tell,
Without a wave or shout.
Farewell to Holman Pit,
Farewell to Taconite;
If we ever reach old Michigan,
We won't forget to write.

A letter came from Michigan,
The news it soon was spread;
The letter was signed by little Dick,
There is work for all, he said.
McHale must engineer the Henbery,
Art Brown go tending bar;
Sawlog must work on the section,
With Jerry go oil the car.

Ed Welsh and Jim McMillan
Had hard work to hide their sorrow;
Big Jim he said to little Ed,
"I'll overhaul the '53' tomorrow."
Said Pussyfoot Gus and Flatfoot Bob
To Uncle George behind;
"We got a hunch, when we lose this bunch,
New jobs we will have to find."

Tom O'Brien had a suitcase,
Case Downing had a trunk;
Bingo Morisey came with a turkey,
Not full, but beastly drunk.
Butcher Roache and Sausage Jim,
With Peg Phillips stood in awe;
For want of something else to do
Cooked up a big Boo Yaa.

Bill Watson looked somewhat forlorn
To see his men depart,
From a financial standpoint,
Barkla was very sore at heart;
Old Charlie Byrnes was moved to tears,
For Van Waves whiskers' sake,
And said he would donate to them,
If a collection they would take.

SINCE I GAVE YOU YOUR START.

Now brother Ike,
I do not like
To grumble or complain.
But the way that you have treated me
Has caused me bitter pain.
I done for you
What none would do,
And now it aches my heart;
For with a frown
You've turned me down
Since I gave you your start.

To Al Powers' camp
I oft did tramp,
And told you as a brother;
What I would do
To help you through
I pleaded as no other.
Both night and day
I paved the way
To get your business started;
When sickness came
Oh, what a shame,
With me you were cruel hearted.

So brother Ike,
Do what you like
Our parting gives me sorrow.
Though it must be
I plainly see
There's joy for me tomorrow.
I have said enough
It is no bluff.
So this is where we part.
Although we're through
Good luck to you,
But I gave you your start.

A BROTHER'S REPLY.

Now brother Matt
Where are you at,
Why do you turn me down
I have been up against it hard
But never gave a frown.
Oh, what a shame
You bear the name
And act as you have done.
I cannot see
How such can be
If you're my father's son.

When much in need
You did not heed
My letter of inquiry.
And when I read
The words you said
I saw your thoughts were fiery.
You made it brief,
There's no relief,
So keep that ten now brother.
But while I live
I'll never give
A chance to take another.

I worked for you
As none could do
I made your place a winner;
But in return
You did me spurn,
As though I was a sinner.
You interfered,
And often sneered,
When I tried to advise you.
Now I repent
For what I spent
To help to advertise you.

You spent your gold
With men behold,
You were their entertainer.
You did me shun
That's what you done,
I'd like to tell you plainer.
I am no sham;
I am no gam,
I have an honest heart.
And don't forget,
You're in my debt,
Since I gave you your start.

You may see the day
When I can say
That I can buy and sell you;
Both Ike and you
May surely rue,
Remember what I tell you.
I'm sorry, too, ,
But I must do
My duty I'm a Somers.
I'll show you all
I'm nothing small
I'm not classed with the bummers.

A BROTHER'S REPLY (continued)

So don't forget
You'll both regret,
With blushing shame and sorrow.
I'm Martin's son
And I'll have mon
When you may have to borrow.
Though I did mourn
You both did spurn
My earnest, honest pleading.
My father's grit
Has kept me fit,
To shield my heart from bleeding.

So Matt and Ike
Do as you like
Stick to the Hoys forever.
Though you're my foes,
The Lord he knows,
I never will him sever.
I'll work and pray
Both night and day,
I know that he will hear me;
Through my life's task
All that I ask,
May God protect and cheer me.

THIS OLD WORLD OF OURS.

I have lived for many years in this old world
of ours;
I have felt its bitter tears and have picked its
sweetest flowers,
But when misfortune comes my way, I think
of my happiest hours
And I look ahead to a brighter day in this
old world of ours.

CHORUS.

In this old world of ours there is more sun-
shine than showers,
So if you get the blues don't fill up on booze;
In this old world of ours.

That little word called duty is the word we should obey;	The darkest hour of the darkest night is the one before the day.
All human kind should bear in mind that word should rule the day.	But the sun of joy will throw out its light and the clouds will clear away.
So be wise, beware if you wish to share in the Eternal Powers,	So look afar to the brightest star that in the heaven towers.
When life is o'er and you'll see no more of this good old world of ours.	If you hope in vain just try again in this old world of ours.

I MUST BE A FOOL OR A CRANK.

At the age of fifteen
I was awfully mean,
I thought I knew where I was at.
I could take a man's place
And won many a race
In the field and also on the mat.
When my day's work was done
I was right in for fun,
With the boys but with girls as a rule,
I loved them you bet,
And I like them some yet,
So I must be a crank or a fool.

When I worked at my trade,
I was not afraid,
To keep my end up with the best;
But wages and me
Could no longer agree,
So I pulled up my stakes for the west.
I filed on a claim
And it's still in my name,
And for it myself I must thank;
No mortgage for me,
Was my motto you see,
So I must be a fool or a crank.

I don't understand
Very much about land,
But I may learn to farm some day.
At present I know
How to farm with a hoe,
But that kind of farming don't pay.
It makes people gawk,
It gives some a shock,
While others will treat me too cool.
They give me the blues,
But their style I won't choose,
So I must be a crank or a fool.

I want all to know,
That I'm proud of my hoe,
And I'm here in the loop for to stay;
Last night I'd a dream,
About buying a team,
And likewise a wagon and sleigh.
I sprang from my bed
In confusion and dread,
And fell o'er a three-legged stool.
And when I awoke,
I thought what a joke,
So I must be a crank or a fool.

I MUST BE A FOOL OR A CRANK (continued)

A smooth gent of late
Had a scheme up-to-date,
To advertise me around the globe.
He thought it would go
Because he had the dough,
While I was as poor as old Jobe.
He almost took a fit,
But I couldn't see it,
So he made a bee line for his bank.
It confuses him yet,
And he says I'll regret,
I acted the fool and the crank.

I don't know how it is,
But I mind my own biz,
And I'd like others to do the same.
Every now and then
They keep butting in;
Some take a long shot at the game.
Men of every degree
Have tried to show me,
Where my ideas are rank.
They can't cut the ice,
I'll take no one's advice,
So I must be a fool or a crank.

SUNNY JIM AND MOONLIGHT DICK.

There are two sports in Minot,
And together they do stick;
One calls the other Sunny Jim—
The other Moonlight Dick.
It's a pleasure for to meet them,
For they always wear a smile;
They are both good entertainers
In their own peculiar style.

Jim plays his pranks in daylight,
While Dick, he takes the dark;
They give their friends some bum steers,
When they go out on a lark;
When some smooth guy retaliates,
They never make a kick;
They certainly are thoroughbreds—
Sunny Jim and Moonlight Dick.

So, when you come to Minot,
In summer or in fall,
I'll make a bet you don't regret
If you give them a call.
Just ask for Jim, they all know him,
For he's a noted Mick,
And where'er your from, you should know
Tom—
The jovial Moonlight Dick.

THE PERPETUAL MOTION HORSE.

I had a dream the other day
While I was wide awake;
I dreamt two ladies called on me,
Just for old time's sake;
And as they drove right by my door
I asked them in to tea;
They said the horse he wouldn't stop,
That's all they said to me.

And as they drove on through the yard,
They had the nerve, by thunder,
They didn't offer no excuse
Why they made such a blunder.
In future they should keep the road
Until they take a notion
To purchase a more friendly horse,
That's not perpetual motion.

It was an awful shock to me,
But yet I may live through it;
I never thought that any horse
Would have the nerve to do it.
But strange things happen in this world,
On land and on the ocean;
Who'd ever think that any horse
Could be perpetual motion.

I've always been a horse's friend,
But now I am a thinking,
My disappointment is so great
It may drive me to drinking.
At first I thought it was a dream,
But the shock just made me dizzy.
I happened to be wide awake,
That's why my pen got busy.

And as I kept a dreaming on,
As wide awake as ever,
I chanced to see the old horse stop.
I smiled and thought, how clever!
I didn't look to see him start
I just said, "you're a daisy."
I thought I'd keep a dreaming on
And dream something more crazy.

Just like a flash I realized
I had not been a sleeping;
I felt quite bad but then I thought
"What is the use in weeping!"
But I felt sorry for the horse,
To think he didn't know it,
That every horse has had the best
While stopping with the poet.

I really hope the horse will live
Until he learns to stop;
And when he does I hope he'll give
The girls a sudden flop.
So when they take another drive
For pleasure or for shopping,
They'll know enough to take a horse
That has been broke for stopping.

I am no Joe Joe from Borneo,
Although I am J. J.
I never eat folks up alive
Who chance to come my way;
I'd have you know I'm no Pat Crowe,
For I am no kidnapper;
Although I am a ladies' man
I am no lady trapper.

THE BLUES TOWN ON THE SOO.

There's a one-man town
Of much renown
Just over on the Soo.
Where some men swear
Until the air,
Is looking mighty blue,
From jealousy or insanity
They booze and swear and stew.
Believe what I say
Please keep away
From the Blues Town on the Soo.

When you go there,
They'll growl and stare,
And snarl, well, who are you,
And before you can speak
They'll say take a sneak
From the Blues Town on the Soo.
So should you go there
You must prepare;
They'll surely insult you,
If you ask me why
I can only reply
It's the Bluest Town on the Soo.

They speak of gas
And sassy sass;
Now boys I must tell you
The gas don't burn
That the people churn
In the Blues Town on the Soo.
Now Blues Town writer,
I'm no back biter,
I'm a prince; who are you?
If I learn your name
It will bring more shame
To the Blues Town on the Soo.

THE BOYS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

(Written at Minot, N. D., January 21-23, 1908.)

You Boys in Blue,
Come in two by two—
In Leap Year that's not hard.
Come one and all
To the full dress ball
Got up by the National Guard.

CHORUS.

So forward four,
And do it some more,
Then all salute your pard;
Then all sashay,
And girls run away
With the boys in the National Guard.

The girls, so dear,
Know that it's Leap Year,
So they'll play their very best card
To make a catch,
And perhaps a match
With the boys in the National Guard.



LOUIE BURCHFIELD'S SUGAR-MAKING CAMP.

I called on my friend Lou,
 Near Hamel on the Soo;
 It happened to be sugar-making time,
 My face wore pleasing smiles,
 When I found him making spiles,
 So I'll try and put our meeting into rhyme.
 He invited me inside
 To his sugar camp—his pride.
 The roof was low, the floor was rather
 damp;
 As the place I did survey,
 My thoughts were far away
 From Louie Burchfield's sugar-making
 camp.

CHORUS.

I thought of my old home,
 Before I left to roam—
 Those days when mother said, you little
 scamp!
 I thought of old-time joys
 I had with girls and boys
 Far away from Louie Burchfield's sugar
 camp.

Some trees we soon did tap,
 I then drank my fill of sap;
 The next day some hot syrup was a treat,
 I made some taffy, too,
 Just like I used to do
 When I wore brass-toed boots upon my feet.
 I now must say adieu
 To my old-time friend Lou—
 The time is up, so I must take a tramp.
 The parting gives me pain,
 But I hope we'll meet again
 At Louie Burchfield's sugar-making camp.

THE LADIES' LEAP YEAR BALL.

(Written at Ontonogan, Mich., 1892.)

As I read the Herald one night,
I saw to my delight,
The ladies were to give a Leap-Year Ball;
They hoped without a doubt
All the young men would turn out,
As they guaranteed to please, both one and
all,

To the party I did go;
And mean to let you know
The manner in which I was entertained;
No floor managers did me greet,
I politely took a seat,
And undisturbed I quietly remained.

CHORUS.

Just one introduction
Would have saved me from destruction.
Now, ladies, isn't that an awful shame?
I longed for some old maid,
Of me they seemed afraid,
For the old maid that I longed for never
came.

I sat there, taking stock,
Until after ten o'clock;
I took close observation, you can bet;
After sitting there for hours,
With several more wall flowers,
An introduction I did fail to get;
I was longing for a dance,
Just waiting for a chance—
The managers they are the ones to blame.
On them I did depend
A welcome to extend,
But the managers that I longed for never
came.

I got introduced at last,
Tho many hours had passed,
And engaged with her to dance a waltz quad-
rille;
It nearly took my breath,
I was tickel most to death,
With pleasure and with joy my heart did fill.
I thought I was in luck,

As she wrote down in her book
The number of the dance, also my name;
When they formed on the floor
My hair stood pompadour,
For the lady that engaged me never came.

Disgusted with the crowd,
I pledged my word and vowed
I never would attend the like again;
As it was getting late,
For supper I did wait,
As I was feeling faint with grief and pain;
While I was sitting there,
Each one did at me stare—
I might have looked much better in a frame.
They must have strained their eyes,
But to my great surprise,
The masher that I longed for never came.

When supper time came round,
The lunch room I soon found,
And paid my little quarter at the door;
I thought it quite a treat,
To be allowed to eat,
Quite satisfied with that, if nothing more.
There was sandwiches by the score,
And they kept on bringing more,
While I sat waiting for a dish of cream;
I waited half an hour
That ice cream to devour,
But the ice cream that I longed for never
came.

As I'm a stranger here,
And also on the pier,
Where dudes and mashers gather every night,
A stranger I'll remain,
Myself I'll entertain,
Unless I get a knock-down on the quiet.
There is one I'd like to steal,
She is handsome and genteel;
Her loving eyes on me she often cast;
I hope I'll see the day,
When I can proudly say,
The lady that I longed for came at last.

THE SHERWOOD MASQUERADE.

I am feeling good,
Since I saw Sherwood;
And I'm not a bit afraid
To tell you all
She put the leap year ball
Of Mohall in the shade.
You could have your pick,
For there was no clique,
There was only just one grade.
Even "Dad" and the bard
Went number one hard,
At the Sherwood masquerade.

There was no row,
Or no mooley cow;
It was worth the price we paid,
Though the hoochie coochie
We failed to see,
At the Sherwood masquerade.
The Canucks were there,
And they didn't care,
How long with us they stayed.
We used them so white,
That they danced all night,
At the Sherwood masquerade.

THE SHERWOOD MASQUERADE (continued)

The nigger wench,
Had as big a cinch,
As anyone in parade.
You could win no prize,
For looking wise,
At the Sherwood masquerade.
The girl in pink,
Took the prize, I think,
For the neatest angle blade;
And the girl with the sock,
Made the whole crowd gawk,
At the Sherwood masquerade.

The Canada band
Didn't understand,
How we wanted music played;
They couldn't chime
For a real hot time,
Like the Sherwood masquerade.
We saw two Moons,
But no saloons,
On our down-town serenade;
We shook hands with Blatz
From the Milwaukee flats,
At the Sherwood masquerade.

We ate oyster stews,
Then we took a snooze,
In Qualley's Palace Arcade.
The poet and "Dad"
Didn't fare so bad,
At the Sherwood masquerade.
At the break of day,
We came away;
But the little while we stayed,
We had barrels of itui,
For a little "mon,"
At the Sherwood masquerade.

Just before the dance,
We took a glance
At the west side of the grade;
We saw some "pigs,"
Then we bought our wigs
For the Sherwood masquerade.
We drank good luck
To each Canuck,
Who across the boundary strayed
To join the yanks
In their funny pranks,
At the Sherwood masquerade.

We have seen Sherwood,
And the woods looked good,
As far as we surveyed.
We saw beautiful limbs
By the gas-light "glims"
At the Sherwood masquerade.
After years roll by,
When "Dad" and I
Meet at the board of trade;
We'll take a "smile"
In our good old style
On the Sherwood masquerade.

THE GRAVEL TRAIN CREW. (Written at Sheldon, Iowa, 1887.)

Now, boys, if attention you'll pay for a while,
Believe me or not, it is true,
The distance from Sheldon is only one mile—
I work with the Gravel Train Crew.
Up in Minnesota three months did I wait,
No work could I find for to do;
Then I took a free pass to Iowa State,
To work with the Gravel Train Crew.

CHORUS.

You can bet that I sweat,
But still did not fret,
But what I could hold down No. 2,
The first night I felt tired,
And was sorry I hired,
To work with the Gravel Train Crew.

After a few days passed slowly away
I could feel in my bones I'd come through;
With the boys I will stay,
And am proud I can say
I am one of the Gravel Train Crew.
We turn out every morning at 7 o'clock,
Our hand cars we hustle them through;
Dublin lost the cigars when he bet he could
walk
And outdistance the hand-car crew.

We did not come here to live on root beer;
It takes muscle to swing No. 2;
You'll find you are off if you think there's
a dude
Among the boys in the Gravel Train Crew.
There's a few in this town who from poverty
came—
They think themselves up high as Q;
If they walk in our path they'll find there is
game
In some of the Gravel Train Crew.

THE GRAVEL TRAIN CREW (continued)

Foreman Sheeley wants everything done up
in style—

His boys they are willing and true;
But still he will never say rest for a while,
To one of the Gravel Train Crew.

It's for work we are paid, so we'll do all we
can,

For our foreman and Co. too.

We have done nothing else since first we be-
gan

To work with the Gravel Train Crew.

We struck for one fifty the first day of June,
But failed, as the boys seldom do;

There was five of the boys didn't turn out at
noon,

Which broke up the Gravel Train Crew.

When the boys were unwilling to turn out at
noon,

The news to Sioux City soon flew,

Which brought half a dozen of foreigners soon
To fill out the Gravel Train Crew.

The day of the strike there was one of the
boys

To his friends in the country he flew;
He was badly used up with a pair of sore
eyes,

He got with the Gravel Train Crew.

The strike it was ended without any blood-
shed,

Tho some said the company they'd sue,
But later, I'm told, some of the boys said

They'd go back to the Gravel Train Crew.

There are two of the boys on the Milwaukee
line,

They still seem to love No. 2;

For one twenty-five, let it rain or shine,

I'll take mine with the Gravel Train Crew.

There is Andrew so tall and Dublin so small,
They'll be minus a dollar or two

When they come to sie up their dust in the
fall

With the boys in the Gravel Train Crew.

We will all take a trip to the south in the fall,

We'll have a special to carry us through;

But before we will go we'll get papers to show

We belong to the Gravel Train Crew,

And one thing I'll say when I'm far away,

You can bet your old hat on it too.

If I live till I die I will never deny

I am one of the Gravel Train Crew.

THE SHELDON NINE.

(As Written and Sung by J. J. Somers.)

One lovely day in June my boys

Near Sheldon, Iowa,

The Sheldon team assembled,

The heavyweights to play;

As they are always ready to go at any call,

To prove themselves the champions

At the game they call baseball.

The time was called at 3 p. m.,

And everything was quiet,

When a ball from the pitcher, Donahoe,

Was knocked clean out of sight.

At this time the Sheldon nine

Were thirteen to their five,

And Donahoe, with all his crew,

Seemed more dead than alive.

CHORUS.

There's no mistake, they take the cake,

They've got the game down fine.

They'd make you stare, none can compare,

With the boys in the Sheldon nine.

To their surprise the Sheldon boys,

Not thinking of a fight,

When Donahoe at their pitcher flew

And slugged him on the quiet.

He kicked him in the stomach,

And also in the face,

Which ever more to Donahoe

Will prove a great disgrace.

The champions then, returning home,

As they had won the game,

Which caused a great excitement

As to the town they came.

And now they are awaiting

A challenge every day,

To prove themselves the champions

Of Northern Iowa.

THE J. C. DONAHOE'S NINE.

We're an up-to-date nine,
Above others we shine,
A challenge we never refuse.
We have defeated the best,
And will tackle the rest,
We're the J. C. Donahoes.

With Budd in the box,
We shut out the white Sox,
The Kelly Steinmetz and the Blues.
With Peterson, Murphy and Flynn,
We are certain to win;
We're the J. C. Donahoes.

Walt Nolar and McLean
Are hard ones to fan;
John Stave is not easy to lose.
Mechlen and Hoppenrath
Keep on the right path,
With the J. C. Donahoes.

All comers we'll meet,
We will take no back seat,
Keep tab on the Grays and Blues;
We'll play just for fun
Or we'll put up the mon,
We're the J. C. Donahoes.

Louie Taylor is alright,
He puts up a hard fight,
Mgr. Olson will bet his old shoes
That in sunshine or rain
Champion we'll remain,
We're the J. C. Donahoes.

MAXBASS "MUD HENS" vs. TOWNER "NIGHT HAWKS."

The diamond was muddy,
The grounds they were wet
But Doc. Webb was anxious
His money to bet.
The sun had gone down—
It was nine by the clocks—
When Maxbass lined up
With the Towner "Night Hawks."

Umpire Nelson's signal
Brought Williams to bat.
He landed on "Bobby"
As spry as a cat.
"Billy" Chase also found him
For two desperate knocks
When the Maxbass "Mud Hens"
Played the Towner "Night Hawks."

When the game got exciting
McCarter was there;
And Chelcroft's manoeuvres
Made everyone stare;
McCormick and Williams,
They had to change socks
After wading through sloughs
With the Towner "Night Hawks."

Staub was on deck
With his quick, eagle eye;
And Patterson captured
A very hard fly.
"Bobby" Robinson found
He was in a tight box
When the 'Mud Hens' went after
His Towner "Night Hawks."

"Kid" Quimby pitched ball
From beginning to end.
He showed them some curves
That they couldn't defend.
He outclassed "Smilin' Bobby"
With the auburn locks
When the Maxbass "Mud Hens"
Played the Towner "Night Hawks."

They played the eighth inning
With lantern and torch
And as the "Night Hawks"
Were unable to scorch,
"Doc" threw up the sponge
And dug up several "rocks"
For the "Mud Hens" defeated
The Towner "Night Hawks."

WHEN MAXBASS PUT TOWNER TO SLEEP.

Maxbass to the fore
They are victors once
A shut-out is all that they claim.
Five to nothing! O, my!
Is where Towner did die
While playing the third losing game.
They hammered first-class
(Away back on the grass)
But the "Mud Hens" they cut wide and deep.
Their scalps they did comb
They drove every nail home
When Maxbass put Towner to sleep.

Their light men they fired
And some experts they hired
From Grand Forks and one from St. Paul.
They bet all their cash
And they cut quite a dash
Until they got playing baseball.
Danny Booth in the box
Played as cute as a fox
His curves caused poor Towner to weep.
Little Danny is king;
He made every ball sing:
(Towner) I Lay Thee Down to Sleep.

CHORUS.

So fill up your glass
Drink a health to Maxbass
At the top of the ladder they'll keep
Let me give you a hunch
Did you see the sore bunch?
When Maxbass put Towner to sleep.

When they got between the fires
They changed the umpires;
Then Danny went after them right.
He fanned them out fast;
He easily outclassed
"Bobby" Robinson, Towner's delight.
"Doc." Webb kept a howling,
His rooters kept growling
The bunch looked forlorn and cheap.
"Doc." went broke again
And almost went insane.
When Maxbass put Towner to sleep.

In six coaches they came
But they got so tame
It only took five to return;
For they felt so small
They took no room at all,
Just one little corner to mourn.
They made us a donation
Of their train decoration
And replaced it with mourning quite deep.
We then paid their fare
And offered up a short prayer,
After Maxbass put Towner to sleep.

SKIPTAMELOO, OR THE WOODLAWNS' FAVORITE.

(Written at Des Moines, Iowa, 1888.)

Now give me your attention I'll sing to you
a song;
It's all about the woodlawn folks and how
they get along.
And how they do enjoy themselves I'm going
to explain—
I'm sure with me you will agree those people
are insane.

If by chance a stranger among this bunch
should go
They give no introduction, no friendship do
they show,
And when the room you enter, each one will
at you stare,
You have your choice in standing, or find
yourself a chair.

CHORUS.

Skiptameloo, Skiptameloo, this is what you'll
hear;
Those words so sweet each time they meet,
Not more than twice a year.
Skiptameloo and Nellie Gray, they dance un-
til they faint away,
And for the chorus they all say, Skiptameloo,
my darling.

Pleasant Hills and Woodlawn's pride is Pro-
fessor White's String Band.
And soon they'll give a concert that will be
something grand,
And if the noted Woodlawnites should come
their hearts to cheer,
Just for a change we will arrange some oth-
er songs to hear.

In the evening, when they meet, they circle
on the floor;
Those words so sweet they do repeat until
their throats are sore;
Then they whistle for a while till some one
faints away,
And as they try to bring them to, those words
you'll hear them say.

In favor of this Woodlawn bunch I have no
more to say,
I hope they'll some times think of me when
I am far away,
Take warning in the future in strangers you
invite—
Don't sing that song the whole night long—
the Woodlawn's favorite.

POOR BOB,
Or the Bigelow Heart-Breaker.
(Written at Bigelow, Minn., 1886.)

Ye lads and lasses of this town,
Attention pay to me;
Its all about a young man
Concerning coquetry.
He is all broke up on a fair one,
Miss Rouperick is her name;
She is wealthy and good looking,
Poor Bob is not to blame.

Poor Bob is noble minded
I'd have you all to know;
He is honest and good hearted,
But still he has no show.
He is figuring on her company
To go to a Christmas dance;
But opposition is so large
I think his name is pants.

The evening of the dance has come,
Poor Bob has left the town;
He boarded the 11:30 train
All for Lake Crystal bound.
He did not even bid farewell
To the lass he did adore,
But left quite broken hearted
All for Lake Crystal shore.

He paid his last long visit
The night before the dance,
In coaxing and persuading,
But alas there was no chance.
Poor Bob could sleep ten hours away
And do it like a charm,
But to sleep he couldn't go that night
For money or a farm.

I must conclude and finish,
For now 'tis getting late;
I'm sorry for poor Robert
In his adopted state.
Now all you lads of Bigelow,
A warning take by me;
And make no calculations
When a pretty girl you see.

You may get left like Robert,
To leave town in shame,
Be sure that you have high, low, jack,
Before you play for game.
So now my song is ended,
And Somers is my name,
I never play for high, low, jack,
Till I am sure of game.

"WHAT A MAN WILL GO THROUGH."

Song—(Written at Minneapolis, 1907.)

When I was a chap
I got many a slap
Because I was naturally wild;
My parents and teacher,
They used the blue beacher,
The "black sheep" is what I was styled.
My school mates licked me—
They were bigger, you see;
But I licked the smaller boys, too;
When I look back today,
All that I have to say—
I am lucky I ever pulled through.

When a boy, seventeen,
My love thoughts were keen;
The way I could make love wasn't slow;
With my temperature high,
I gave many a sigh,
But I cashed in at forty below.
She trifled with me
(And others, on the Q. T.);
She was sweet on a dozen or two;
When I think of her now,
And review every vow—
I am lucky I ever pulled through.

After many bum steers,
When I grew up in years,
I got weary of living alone;
With my thoughts running fast,
I reviewed all my past,
And thought I'd got past being shown.
I didn't marry for "mon,"
And no beauty prize won—
I was captured by love No. 2.
Since that unlucky day
I can't see things her way,
And without her I'm now pulling through.

As the years pass away,
I still hope and pray,
I will yet share a true woman's love.
A few years of bliss
In this world's wilderness,
I ask from the Father above,
I have been through the mills,
Through the hollows and hills;
I have felt financially blue;
I have played some big games,
But I won't tell their names,
For you'd wonder I ever pulled through.

THE SHARP, CRUEL STING OF DECEIT.

(Written at Duluth, 1911.)

I.

In this world of enjoyment and sorrow,
Of each we all get a fair share,
And those who are anxious to borrow,
Quite often have troubles to spare.

They sigh and they cry and they grumble,
Their smile is not earnest or sweet,
And yet they find victims to tumble
Right into their net of deceit.

II

Deceit drives the forsaken lover
To a disgraceful, sad life of shame;
Deceit breaks the heart of the mother—
The sting of a lie is to blame.

Deceit kills the love for true women;
Men doubt every lady they meet;
Oh! why must fond hearts live in torture,
From the sharp, cruel sting of deceit.

V.

So let us be upright and honest,
Kind, sympathetic and true;
And always be patient and cheerful—
Each frown brings more sorrow to you.

This life is just what we make it;
Some prefer the sour to the sweet;
May the innocent never overtake it—
The sharp, cruel sting of deceit.

III.

They flirt in the church on a Sunday,
They would flirt with the angels of God;
They will promise to meet you on Monday,
When they'll give your heart the first prod.

They will offer all kinds of excuses,
To lure you once more on their beat;
May a just Lord pray stop the abuses,
From the sharp, cruel sting of deceit.

IV.

Deceit makes the drunkard and deadbeat;
Deceit fills the world with insane;
Deceit is the cause of divorces,
Deceit brings the keenest heart pain.

May true loving hearts learn to shun it;
May a lie always suffer defeat;
May our guardian angel protect us
From the sharp, cruel sting of deceit.

BACHELOR PATIENTLY WAITING FOR LENA.

How a Duluth Bachelor Was Weazled Out of His Hard-Earned Money—
Story Had a Thrilling Effect on J. J. Somers—Writes a Poem.

The following article, taken from the Duluth Evening Herald of recent date, will no doubt cause many of the bachelor readers of the Independent to extend their heart-felt sympathy to poor Math Nuranen who was treated in a shameful manner by the woman whom he hoped to lead to the altar. The story had such an effect on our critic poet, Mr. J. J. Somers, that he broke out again with a humorous poem, which follows the article. The story is a good one and so is the poem.

"There was I, waintin' at the station." The "Waiting at the Church" song needs but little modification to fit the plight of Math Nuranen, a Duluth Finn, who each morning for the past week has early gone to the union depot to greet with open arms and smiling countenance the bride-to-be, who with coy and maidenly reserve continued to keep Math waiting with rueful face and aching heart.

The story of the missing maiden is full of pathos. The wooing and apparent winning was done in far away Finland. With the consent of the maiden to become his bride acting as a spur to his ambition, Math Nuranen trekked to America, the land of the free, and

proceeded to close tight his purse strings that stray sheckels might lodge therein safely. When he had saved the necessary money Math sent for the maid. Ah, but more, to make glad her heart and to show that he had already imbibed the ideas of the new land, he sent her a gold watch and ring, and also a new and wonderful hat. That would surely tickle her. Alas, how badly Math Nuranen was mistaken!

To be sure, the maiden crossed the broad Atlantic. She was fond of travel. But she married in Monessen, Pa., writing to Math "that a better man than you has won my heart." She neglected to return the passage money, nor did the keeping of the gold watch and ring, or the wonderful new hat, seem to bring compunctions of her conscience.

But hold; a ray of light came into the dark and melancholy life of Math. A few days ago he received a letter from the maid saying that she had tired of her Monessen, Pa., flame and that she longed again for the steady company and the confiding words of Math. Math went out and raised enough dust to forward the price of the fare from Monessen to Duluth.

BACHELOR WAITING FOR LENA (continued)

He even included the price of a Pullman berth in his subscriptions.

Then he began to count the days until the girl he had courted in Finland would step off the train at Duluth and leap with joyous exclamation into his waiting arms. Again he was doomed to bitter disappointment. A week of laden hours has droned its weary length away and each train has failed to disgorge from its crowded depths any one that looks like Math's old time steady.

Sadly, but with hope still combatting his dread forebodings, does Math wait at the station. When the train is in, when there is no chance that the maid has become lost in the shuffle, Math repairs to the railway offices and sadly makes inquiries. Thus does sorrow ride heavily upon the soul of Math.

The railway men have not the courage to tell Math their convictions—that the maid in the case is a fickle bird, loving bright plumage, gold watches and rings, and money withal, but sad to relate, not Math.

WAITING AT THE STATION FOR LENA.

Now, Lena, my loved one, why do you forsake me?

I am sad and alone in the land of the free.
With fond expectation I stand at the station.
Between joy and sorrow awaiting for thee.

Dear Lena, you hear me; I want you here near me.

By day and by night I am longing for you.
It's my calculation to wait at the station;
Now, Lena, what more do you want me to do?

CHORUS.

Why stay in Monesseu, some strange one car-
essen?

Sweet Lena, my darling, why treat me so
mean?

With loving sensation I wait at the station;
Now come to the arms of your own Math
Nurean.

I'll play for you, Lena, on my concertina.

I will show you the aerial bridge right away.

I'll show you the bowry and then with Tom
Lowry

We'll go for a ride around St. Louis bay.

I'll show you the ore docks; I'll buy you some
pink socks.

I'll take you to Park Point where strange
things you'll see.

I'll spend lots of money and make you feel
funny,

Dear Lena, oh why don't you come quick
to me?

A LIVE BURG.

(With Apologies to Alfred Aburg, Minot.)

I have been in many burgs
And have read of many more
But the other night I saw a burg
I never saw before.
Says my friend Tom this is a burg
That's certainly all right
Well then says I, I'm awfully dry
With a burg right in sight.

CHORUS.

This burg seemed to diminish
Until I could see its finish
For in this burg I couldn't see a man
Says I, I've seen enough
On this side o the bluff
For this live burg was just a moving van.

We kept in the background
For fear we'd see a cop
But later we grew bolder
From ginger ale and pop.
As we came closer to the burg
Not a burg could we see.
T'was all a bluff says I enough,
No more live burgs for me.

THE DULUTH BOND FIEND CLUB.

If you please, ladies and gentlemen,
And men who are not men;
Those who have joined the Bond Fiend club,
The people for to skin.
We have got all the light we need,
But some of us need grub;
Can we get any light on that,
From the Duluth Bond Fiend club.

We are bonded seven million,
But that figure looks too small;
To the members of the Bond Fiend club
Who would occupy the city hall.
They would fish for votes with any bait;
For the jobs they anticipate;
Every taxpayer should them snub
And put to route the Bond Fiend club.

They say seven hundred thousand
Would surely be enough
To install a municipal light plant,
Good people, that's a bluff.
That would not buy machinery
For each of our suburbs;
So investigate and don't donate
To the Duluth Bond Fiend club.

The price for light would far exceed
The present low standard rate,
And who would pay the difference,
Will the Bond Fiend club please state.
What care they for high taxes,
But you are a chump and a chub
If you submit to their big mitt
And the Duluth Bond Fiend club.

Fellow taxpayers take my advice
Don't vote for a high tax.
On every member of this club
Swing heavy with the axe.
The present tax is much too high
That is our greatest rub.
So every man do what you can
To defeat the Bond Fiend club.

LAKE TWENTY NINE.

(Written at Barnum, Minn., 1887.)

One fine summer's morning
As the moon was adawning,
Before the bright sun from the heavens did
shine,
Four boys who loved camping,
With an outfit for tramping,
All started together for Lake Twenty-Nine.

Oh, how we love camping,
Oh, how we love tramping,
Among the green bushes and pine.
Oh, how we love fishes,
They taste so delicious,
Cooked in the tin dishes at Lake Twenty-
Nine.

Oh, how we hate camping,
Oh, how we hate tramping,
Through brush and through thickets of pine.
Oh, how we hate fishes
Cooked in black dishes,
Especially by Somers at Lake Twenty-Nine.

When we came to the shore,
Our feet they were sore,
And although it was time for to dine,
We threw off our coats
And got into our boats,
To try our luck fishing at Lake Twenty-Nine.

The fish would not bite,
There was no game in sight,
So for Barnum we took a bee line;
We'll live on boned English herring
Until we will learn,
Of some better fish port than Lake Twenty-
Nine.

WHY-NOT MINOT?

If you're searching a location,
Why-not Minot.
It's the best town in creation,
Is Minot.
For a factory or a mill
You may travel where you will
No place will fill the bill
Like Minot.

For every kind of biz,
Take Minot.
It's the only town what is,
Is Minot.
You will never find her dull,
In business there's no lull,
If you've got a pull, just pull
For Minot.

WHY NOT MINOT (continued)

Ask the drummers what they think
Of Minot.
And they'll tip you with a wink,
For Minot.
They say she is the best
Little city in the west
For they've feathered up their nest,
In Minot.

If you're out on a vacation,
Why-not Minot.
Travel till you reach the station
Called Minot.
We will entertain you right,
Rounds of pleasure day and night,
That will fill you with delight,
In Minot.

This winter is so fine,
In Minot;
That there's washouts on the line,
Near Minot.
After touring through the south,
You'll decide without a doubt,
That forever more you'll shout,
For Minot.

So let everybody boost
For Minot;
Stray birds come back to roost
In Minot.
For no matter where they roam,
Through the south, Klondyke, or Nome,
They return to make their home
In Minot.

FAIR DAKOTA.

(James J. Somers, Writes from Hibbing, Minn., Where He Is Hibernating.)

James J. Somers, the critic poet, writes us that he is enjoying life at Hibbing, Minn., where his mother, sisters and brothers live. He is alarmed at the reports of storms and fuel famine from this neighborhood and wants to know the particulars. "Jim" enclosed the following poetical gem which he says expresses his sentiments in regard to this country. With his kind permission we reproduce the verses as follows:

Though far from the vast prairie sea
My dreams are quite often of thee
Something seems to whisper to me,
Fair Dakota.

Though I am enjoying sweet rest
Far away among friends I love best,
I long to be back in the west,
Fair Dakota.

I look to the coming of spring
I fancy the joys it will bring,
I'll be there when the meadowlarks sing,
Fair Dakota.

I'll go back to the land of sunshine,
I'll go back to the home I call mine;
I have seen no one fairer than thine
Fair Dakota.

OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY SHOW.

Uncle Sam beats the world for inventions;
We have everything right up-to-date;
And we always have real good intentions,
Though sometimes we may speculate.
We boast of a grand combination
And are anxious to let the world know,
We have everything under creation,
In our twentieth century show.

Of churches we have quite a number,
And just fifty thousand saloons;
With snake rooms where human beings slumber,
Where you find scholars cleaning spittoons.
We have almost a million of pouters,
And millionaires are all the go,
And big mitt men they call coppers,
In our twentieth century show.

We have theologians, thieves and liars,
Who never committed a sin.
We have Christian politicians and squires,
Always ready to buy their way in.
We have trusts and tramps and chain gangs,
With poverty, hunger and woe,
Money and misery, virtue and vice,
In our twentieth century show.

Our bibles they cost twenty dollars,
Bad whiskey is ten cents a drink;
And a dude with those high stand up collars,
Can break a girl's heart with a wink.
With ten wives you get into the senate,
With two to the pen you must go;
With money you are strictly in it,
In our twentieth century show.

OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY SHOW (continued)

Where preachers are paid twenty thousand a year

To tickle the ears of the rich
And help dodge the devil whenever they fear
They cannot jump over the ditch.
They will call you a shrewd business man
In society your influence will grow;
If you keep out of jail and steal all you can,
In our twentieth century show.

Where trusts hold up and poverty down
Where the wire puller is sure to win,
At the truest patriot in the town
A crowd will jeer and grin.
They say humble prayers in White House floor,
Just a force of habit you know;
In temperance states they sell whiskey galore,
In our twentieth century show.

Where men make their wives into sausage,
And some want to cat them up raw;
Where canned beef is made from dead horses,
And they never enforce any law,
They make corpses of people who eat it,
They don't ever pity the crow;
I don't believe Turkey can beat it;
Our twentieth century show.

Where congress and senate make laws
For the supreme court to ignore;
They always find some little flaws,
And they keep finding more and more.
Newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth,
Some made rich for lying you know;
Where houses pay license to shelter the youth
In our twentieth century show.

Where negroes can vote and hold office of rank;
Our women don't seem to know how,
To be honest is to be a fool or a crank,
But our fools are not plentiful now.
You can steal a railroad if you wish;
If you have plenty of dough
They'll elect you to some high posish
In our twentieth century show.

We are right up-to-date for the check book talks,
And you'll always find justice asleep.
The devil keeps laughing while onward he walks,
When he knows human souls are so cheap.
Other nations that wish to annex,
We'll place them right in the front row,
Where they can be seen without specks
In our twentieth century show.

MINOT IN NINETEEN TWELVE; Or Watch Magic Minot Grow.

Magic Minot, they say,
Leads all others today;
It's the name and location, you know.
And her bright business men
That keeps things on the spin,
Makes Magic Minot grow!

Four years from today
You will hear people say:
"Now, mister, I told you so,"
So don't be a quack,
Get on the right track,
Watch Magic Minot grow!

The Masonic Temple
Will look like a pimple,
The White Front will look mighty low.
The Public Library
Will be a grand sight to see,
Watch Magic Minot grow!

The Bijou and Arcade
Will larger quarters invade,
They will show a much grander show.
We'll have an opera de grand;
The finest in the land;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

The Minot Flour Mills
Will give Pillsbury ills,
And Washburn-Crosby Tally ho!
With a keen eye they'll guard
Our No. One Hard;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

Cafes Morrill and Grill,
Take advice if you will;
Good prices, good service, you know.
Out here in the west,
We must have the best,
Watch Magic Minot grow!

Every tent, every shack,
We must move away back,
Just about a mile or so.
This spring in the boom
We must have the room;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

Stone and Ordean Grocery
Told me on the Q. T.
The way they were making the dough.
They'd have to enlarge
And on the Mouse run a barge;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

The Leland, Lexington and Morrill
Will have no time to quarrel;
They won't go to sleep in the row;
And the Home Bakery
Will be X-L-N-T
Watch Magic Minot grow!

Business men now beware!
For the big show prepare!
Every man loosen up with his dough.
If you mooch round and pike,
We'll put you on the hike;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

MINOT IN NINETEEN TWELVE (continued)

The Minot telephone
Will have to be shown;
Their service is a little slow.
A full moon at night
Gives more reasonable light;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

We'll have a water supply
That will never run dry;
The street cars will run to and fro.
Let me give you a nudge,
The Mouse river we'll "drudge;"
Watch Magic Minot grow!

The Great Northern and Soo
Had better come through
And give us a union depot.
Now please take the tip
Or we'll cancel our trip;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

Other cities of fame
Please remember the name,
More grand than Grand Forks or Fargo.
One glance at Minot
And you'll purchase a lot;
Watch Magic Minot grow!

SEASONABLE POETRY.

It is a little early for spring poetry, but the recent weather was so springlike, that the "Critic Poet," J. J. Somers, who sells bread and pies at the Home bakery, broke out with the following bit of poetry:

NORTH DAKOTA.

The Christmas chimes are ringing
In Dakota.
And the little birds are singing
In Dakota.

We haven't any snow,
Or the weather's not below,
And the wind has ceased to blow,
In Dakota.

So let us sing in praise,
Of Dakota.
Those December balmy days,
In Dakota.

While they shiver in the south,
We are fishing here for trout,
And other fish, no doubt,
In Dakota.

They come from everywhere
To Dakota:
Yet, there's plenty room to spare,
In Dakota.

To this vast prairie sea,
In the golden land of the free,
We invite you to come and see
North Dakota.

St. Paul, Minn., February 11, 1908.
Somers & Moore,
Minot, N. D.,
Gentlemen:

We received your order which you gave our Mr. Weddell and would ask you whether or not we should send the goods C. O. D., as we have so far been unable to receive a financial report from you. Of course, you understand that it is a custom with every house where there is no financial standing

that the goods are sent C. O. D. or cash in advance. We do not want you to think that we doubt your responsibility, however, we cannot tell this until we have an assurance to that effect.

Hoping that you appreciate our position and that we may receive a favorable reply to our request, we remain,

Respectfully yours,
The Schmitz-Maas Co.,
M. S.

REPLY TO THE SCHMITZ-MAAS COMPANY.

Now Messrs. Schmitz-Maas,
Don't worry because
We are not listed with Dunn.
We're not so up-to-date,
But we don't use a slate;
We pay with American mon.

We have just enough dough
To pay as we go;
So bill it C. O. D.
Please don't lose your nerve,
And all others serve,
The same as you have me.

REPLY TO SCHMITZ MAAS (continued)

Since the financial scare
For Dunn I don't care;
I do as my forefathers done,
I have cut out the banks
And Wall Street money cranks,
And I carry my wad near a gun.

St. Paul, Minn., February 20, 1908.

J. J. Summers,
Minot, N. D.,

Dear Sir:

Yours of February the 18th received, and in reply would say, we want to congratulate you on your grand rhyme you sent us, but you should have added on the end:

Then I am sure if I want some fun,
I do not have to the bank to run,
To get the mon.

Your goods have been sent several days ago
and we hope that you will receive them in
good order.

Respectfully yours,
The Schmitz-Maas Co.,
M. S.

There's a baker in a western town who har-
bors the Muse in his bakery, and he makes
use of her in his ads from time to time. He
has the gift of making jingles that really
jingle right merrily, as witness this:

The good Lord hath said
We must earn our bread,
Alas! by the sweat of our brow.
My grandmother she
Lived one hundred three,
But we're short-lived and up-to-date now.
If the mixing machine
Is not perfectly clean,
You'll soon land on the beautiful shore;
So don't be misled,
But buy Mothers' Bread,
You'll find it with Somers & Moore.

But was it not a shame to give that slam
at machine-made bread? That's where com-
petition gets in its deadly work sometimes—
even taking a poet so far afield that he hates
to lose a chance to get his little dagger un-

der his competitor's ribs. Now, if he would
only buy a mixer for himself, a little expe-
rience with it would give him a brand new
inspiration. Land! How his Pegasus would
soar!—Bakers' Helper, Chicago, Ill.

ALL PLUGGING FOR JOHN D. BOSSGANDER.

(Written at Minot, N. D., 1908.)

I am on a rough sea,
Just as rough as can be,
And I am not in sight of the land;
I see waves everywhere
That would any man scare,
But my craft is still at my command.
I must soon reach the shore,
Or turn my craft o'er
To some expert knocker commander—
To some old-time skinner,
Or blind pig beginner—
We'll just call him John D. Bossgander.

If I reach the shore,
I will fix every store,
That is run by some pinhead Greenlander;
I will sink every skift,
Before they float adrift,
Just like my friend, John D. Bossgander.
I will launch a new boat,
Much the finest afloat—
Mouse proof, fly proof, none grander;
Then I'll hoist every sail,
And defy every gale,
And also the noted Bossgander.

ALL PLUGGING FOR JOHN D. BOSSANDER (continued)

I will meet all you buggers,
You John D. cheap pluggers,
With a solar plex right and left-hander;
I'll take an uppercut punch,
At the whole bloomin' bunch,
That boosted for John D. Bossgander.
One old friend in name,
Oh, you bloak, what a shame,
Your deceit has worked up my dander;
You did me befriend,
And your help you did lend
To the shylock, our John D. Bossgander.

Every baker and plumber,
Every old and new comer,
Every souvenir artist lowlander,
Have all done their best
To help feather the nest
Of the high chief, our John D. Bossgander.
All you knockers please knock,
Till you knock off your block,
Then persecute me with your slander;
I will still wear a smile,
And scoff at the pile
Hoarded up by the noted Bossgander.

DAN KIPPIN'S RUNAWAY TEAM. (Written at Maxbass, 1910.)

Blades and Summers took a drive
To Eckman on the Soo
They hired a team from Kippin
That Bill Williams said he knew
He said that they would run away
If they got half a chance
So Summers was compelled to drive
While Blades went into a trance.

When Summers grabbed the whip
Blades to the sides did grip
He began to shiver and to scream
As the bronko shook his head
With surprise Blades calmly said
That cannot be Dan Kipping's runaway team.

We tried to make them trot
But they kept on the walk
And when we got near Eckman
The bronk began to balk
Then Blades he got red headed
At Williams he felt sore
He said he'd never take his word
On horses any more.

When we returned to Maxbass
The night was very dark
Blades swore he would get even
For he was no E. Z. mark;
He said he'd bring his auto
When he'd come this way again,
Or he would come with Sheldon
When there were no signs of rain.

SHELDON'S NEW PATENT MACHINE. (Written at Bottineau, N. D., 1910.)

I have seen a few
Of great patents quite new
In places that I've lately been.
But there's one beats them all
It's the one that they call
Sheldon's New Patent Machine.

For a complete separator
There's none simpler or greater;
It's equal no man ever seen.
It is built so complete
No device can compete
With Sheldon's New Patent Machine.

He will show you free gratis
This great apparatus,
And the different grain it will clean.
It works like a charm,
Just the thing for the farm.
This wonderful Patent Machine.

When you want to be shown
Call on Mr. Bowen,
A patent attorney not green.
He can easily explain
How it handles the grain
This wonderful Patent Machine.

This new patent device,
Is sure worth the price
Of all other separators; it's queen.
So hurry don't delay,
Order one right away;
Get Sheldon's New Patent Machine.

MY CHARMING, SWEET FLORENCE RICHTAD.

My dear Florence Richtad,
You say you feel sad
And you say that you still love me true.
Those words give me joy
And I cannot deny
That my heart has a longing for you.
Though you caused me much pain,
I'll forgive you again;
I'll forget the love quarrels we have had.
If you say you'll be true
I'll love none else but you,
My charming sweet, Florence Richtad.

CHORUS.

How I long for to meet,
My dear Florence, so sweet;
When I think of the pleasures we've had.
Let me see your sweet face.
Let me once more embrace
My charming, sweet Florence Richtad.

Though still in my prime I'm beginning to climb High up on the ladder of fame, And in some future day In soft tones I will say, "Dear Florence will you change your name." If you will consent We will live in content; So if you will be true to your lad, Some day you will find I'll prove loving and kind; To my charming, sweet Florence Richtad.	Your sweet face let me see Out in Williams county, Next spring when the flowers are in bloom, Those will be happy hours As we pick the wild flowers; There will be no more sorrow or gloom. There we'll drain sorrow's cup; There we'll kiss and make up; No more we'll make each other sad. There I'll promise to wed And share half of my bed With my charming sweet Florence Richtad.
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A TRIP TO SHERWOOD.

(Written in 1923.)

A few days ago I gave Sherwood a call
And I see she is creeping right up on Mohall.
I saw bills that read, "We buy Canada grain."
And of course she has a daily passenger train.
With big elevators fast approaching the sky,
She is now going some; she'll go more bye
and bye.
She is right in the swim, like a canvassback
duck,
Since she has made friends with her neighbor
Canuck.
For fun and amusement she is right up-to-date
With plenty to drink and with plenty to ate.
Her ladies look charming; her men wear a
smile
That makes a man feel right at home all the
while.
Good luck to you, Sherwood I wish you
God speed.
Mohall won't be jealous if you take the lead.
When you're at your best just give us a call
And you'll find like the rest, that you can't
beat Mohall.

THE TELEGRAM KID.

A young man named Ray
Sent a message one day,
And it read come at once ma is sick.
My heart filled with grief,
And to find some relief,
A train I did board mighty quick
It was a lonely ride
For I wept and I sighed,
Until I arrived in Duluth
And found his ma well,
But the rest I won't tell,
Though I got some revenge on the youth.

At first I felt sore,
But I thought matters o'er,
And forgave him for what he had done.
Then he said to me, Judge,
As he gave me a nudge,
How would you like me for a son.
I said, my boy Ray,
You would suit me O. K.
And I'd never regret what you did.
I'd be happy through life,
With your ma for my wife;
I'd feel proud of my telegram kid.

So now Master Ray
All that I have to say;
I hope you won't regret what you did.
So please don't feel bad,
With a judge for your dad,
And guardian of the telegram kid.
I am grateful to you,
For that message untrue,
For that act I'll get even some day.
Your sentence will be,
For life obey me,
And that's what you'll get for being gay.

TO ONE I TRULY LOVE.

With a'll my heart I pity you,
Far more than words can tell;
It seems unfair I cannot share with one I love
so well;
As Providence has willed it so,
All that I have to say,
With sympathy I'll remember thee,
As I journey on life's way.

SWEET MARY, MY OWN.

They may sing of their bonnie Scotch lassies,
And the charms of an Irish coleen,
And they may drink a toast from their glasses
To some other beautiful queen;
But the one that I love is much sweeter
Than all other girls I have known;
I don't wish for any one neater—
Oh, could I but call her my own.

I loved her when I first met her,
But now many years have gone by;
Altho I oft tried to forget her,
I still love, and will till I die.
I always feel happy when near her,
Without her I feel sad and alone;
Through life I would comfort and cheer her,
If I could but call her my own.

Her lips are as red as the cherry,
Her eyes shine with innocence sweet;
Her smile is so cheerful and merry,
And her form is so comely and neat.
If you have true love in your bosom,
Accept the affection I've shown,
And we'll live in peace and contentment;
So, now, dearest, make me your own.

So, now, lovely Mary, I've told you
The thoughts of a fond, loving heart;
In loving embrace I could hold you,
Through life, until death would us part.
So do not forsake or deceive me,
To live in this world, sad, alone;
The rest of my life it would grieve me,
If I cannot make you my own.

THE ROLLER MASQUERADE.

(Written at Minneapolis, 1907.)

I had been to the Dewey
Likewise the Chop Suey;
Operas of high and low grade.
Then says Dutch Tom to me,
How would you like to see,
The roller masquerade.

We invaded some flats,
We then met Mr. Blatz,
In the ladies Palace Arcade.
We hurriedly changed our clothes,
Took hacks with our beaus
For the roller masquerade.

Mr. Peterson came
And got into the game;
He captured a charming young maid.
A man they call Holmes
Though he seldom ere roams,
Showed up at the masquerade.

Both Cooper and Dunn
Had their share of the fun
While Dutch Tommy led the parade;
With his friend Molenbrock,
They were prize winning stock,
At the roller masquerade.

Miss Beeda looked very cute
And her chum is a bute;
If Clark will keep back in the shade.
I'll play my best card,
To win her for my pard,
Since the roller mesquerade.

We happened to learn,
Of a man they call Feran,
On our home coming serenade.
Golly that is where we did shine,
On his champagne and wine,
Coming home from the masquerade.

THE GROUND-HOG MYTH.

(In Memory of the Coldest January in the History of Duluth, 1912.)

Some say the ground hog came right out
And viewed his shadow bold,
While others say he froze to death
From the January cold.
But I'll tell you what I was told
By one who says he knows,
For he saw Mr. Ground Hog.
And the ground hog's' eyes were froze.

He says the ground hog couldn't see
His shadow on the snow,
For both his eyes were frozen tight
At thirty-six below.
I think my friend has told the truth,
For I feel much inclined
To think also, thirty-six below
Would freeze a ground bog blind.

The Herald received a message
And it went on to tell,
The ground hog had been captured
Not far from Kalaspell,
From Medicine Hat and Winnipeg,
A message also came;
Both cities say on ground hog day,
The hog walked very lame.

They also claim they have the proofs
That an Indian chief did say,
The ground hog froze his eyes and feet,
Crossing the Georgian bay.
This ancient fable seems untrue,
As I oft said before;
And if it really was a fact,
It won't be any more.

Cook and Peary also claim
They saw him at the pole;
And seven thousand miles due south
They found the ground hog's hole.
Why should we doubt a mythologist
Who has made the facts so plain;
He is surely froze, do you suppose
He will revive again.

My truthful friend has made it plain,
The hog no more will see
That legend old, so often told
Will pass from history.
For hog or bear, no more we'll care,
For now the proof is clear;
They both froze blind, next spring we'll find
Their skeletons, I fear.

JUDGE US NOT TOO HARSHLY.

(Reply to Spring Poet's Number of Judge Magazine, March, 1910.)

Now, Mr. Judge,
Please don't begrudge
A poet his position;
We have troubles too,
As well as you,
And lots of competition.

Tho you're more wise,
Don't criticise
Us pen push amateurs;
The road is long
In poem and song,
Outside of Burns and Moores.

JUDGE US NOT TOO HARSHLY (continued)

None of us stole
The Great North Pole,
Or the South African Coodoo;
We write humorous stuff
That is good enough—
Now, Judge, what more do you do?

So, Mr. Judge,
I'll never budge,
A poet is my calling;
I'll write what's right,
While others fight,
And do a lot of stalling.

If John D. would donate
To us poets great,
We'd sing him into Heaven;
He'd help me sure,
For I'm as poor
As seven come eleven.

THE M. B. A. BALL.

The eighteenth of June
Will be here pretty soon,
I wish to remind one and all;
For that is the date
That we all celebrate
The first grand M. B. A. ball.

Let each lass do her share
Some shy fellow to snare,
In leap year that's not hard at all.
Now girls do your best,
And the boys will do the rest,
At the first grand M. B. A. ball.

CHORUS.

Frank Stark's famous band
Will furnish music so grand
It is sure for to please one and all,
So bring out your best girl,
Put her heart in a whirl
At the first grand M. B. A. ball.

So, remember the date,
Mark it down on your slate;
Don't sit with your back to the wall.
Don't miss this rare chance,
Let us all have a dance
At the first grand M. B. A. ball.

LITTLE EDDIE.

(Written at Minneapolis, Minn., 1898.)

I

Now, linemen, pay attention,
While a story I relate;
It is about poor Eddie,
In his adopted state.
For four and thirty long years
He lived a single life,
Till on the new installment plan
He swore he'd have a wife.

II

He met a friend, an ex-mossback,
An unconverted "bach,"
And with his kind assistance,
They prearranged the match.
He then gave him employment
To make the bargain stick,
And the overgrown groundhog
Made a lineman mighty quick.

III

The widow from Mankato
And her little Eddy, dear,
Lived on the new installment plan
Until she came to hear
That he had made arrangements
To abscond with a freak,
Who finished her engagement
At the museum that week.

IV

He left the town and widow,
And the widow did the same;
And while his long green lasted,
He stuck right to the game
Till he got into a jackpot
With just one little pair,
Little Eddy he went belly up;
Oh, what a sad affair.

V

They took his mileage ticket,
And barred him from the play;
So, sad and broken-hearted,
Back home he made his way.
He met his bum companion,
His joblots from the farm,
Who sympathized with Eddy,
And said he meant no harm.

VI

Once more this noble groundhog
He took a lineman's place,
To work with decent, honest men,
Which is a great disgrace.
He loves to solder rusty joints,
And repair Western Union wires,
After tracing them to h—ll,
And making other people liars.

LITTLE EDDIE (continued)

VII

Now, all you noble linemen,
Have pity on this pair,
That little banty rooster
And that overgrown bear.
They ought to change their rooming
place,
Or move down in the row,
Or travel with some museum freak,
Or join some wild-west show.

VIII

It doesn't make any difference,
Or it doesn't cut any ice.
He didn't mean any harm (so long)
Though he paid a Klondyke price.
He's the only man I've got
Who can solder and transpose,
And take my place when I am gone,
Providing I get froze.

WHERE WE BELONG.

J. J. Somers has received a notice from Sheriff Gardner of Bottineau county, informing him that his personal property tax is delinquent; the amount being \$1.72 the interest 26 cents, and the costs \$1.00 and it further states:

"Therefore if your taxes are not paid at once I will without further notice collect the same by distress, together with all costs.

Yours truly,

Thomas Gardner, Sheriff."

Somers has the following to send with his remittance:

Kind friend Sheriff Gardner
I hate to pay you
Something I don't owe
To the County Bottineau.
Its due Renville county
But through a fictitious law,
I claim I'm an orphan,
Will that straighten the flaw?

As you are a dem,
And I voted for you,
I'll pay this small bill
So you won't have to sue,
For reorganization
I am a true blue,
And darned if I'll pay
Any more to Bottineau.

Bottineau county officials
Some day you'll repent
For robbing from Renville
Her taxes and rent.
In the near future
The law will show you,
I belong to old Renville
And not to Bottineau.

By your dun arriving
Just one year late
I see I'm compelled
To pay one dollar freight.
I can see you've got me
So I won't make a holler ;
But please keep on file
That you owe me a dollar.

ALL BOUND FOR BOTTINEAU.

The train left Westhope Tuesday
Filled clean to the brim
With jolly good fellows,
That looked good to Jim.
There were no tickets sold
To Grand Forks or Fargo;
Everyone in the bunch
Had a check to Bottineau.

By their conversation,
It was easy to tell
Some of them had drunk
From an artesian well.
They don't sell gingerale
Around Westhope I know,
And we have to cross the line,
When we get to Bottineau.

If Judge Goss will permit
I'll send out of the state,
And order a shipment
By express or freight:
A case of Val Blatz beer
I'll have in my possession
To keep my thinker clear
While the court is in session.



A North Dakota Pioneer's Sod Stable.

THE HUB OF THE MOUSE RIVER LOOP.

While perusing the map
I discovered a gap
Where no road has yet been surveyed
It's an ideal spot
To make a town plot
If Jim Hill will just build the grade.

CHORUS.

Go ten miles north of Lansford
Ten east of Mohall
Ten west of Maxbass
Then give Antler a call
If you're building railroads
You're an overgrown chub
If you can't see an opening
For one through the Hub

I have examined the wheel
Of the loop a good deal,
Each spoke is a short little stub
Though they're crooked and straight
I am sorry to state
That none of them enter the hub

The Great Northern and Soo
Are now overdue,
Their arrival will be a close rub,
It is choice fighting ground,
And each road is bound
It will drive the first spike in the hub.

Its central location
Will cause consternation,
You can't keep them out with a club,
I'll bet my old hoe,
Every lot's sure to go
When they locate a town in the hub.

When a town they will plat
I will purchase a lot,
And supply all the hungry with grub.
If a sign you should see
Cafe X. L. N. T.
Call and see me at the hub.

UP TO DATE VENTILATION IN ROOM No. 4.

This room is ventilated in the very latest style,
You surely will reduce in flesh by rooming here awhile
By using the air funnel you don't need any clothes,
For a complete disinfectant we have supplied a hose.
You will notice the thermometer is close beside your feet,
So keep your eye upon it for fear of overheating,
And if your slumbers are disturbed in the dead of the night,
You'll find those Peerless bottles will fix you up all right.

If you get overheated saw a hole up in the roof,
Don't fear the wind, the rain or snow,
The straw hat is weather proof.
If you wish to purify the air directly at your head,
Just give the crank an extra turn that's hanging at your bed,
Then use the fire extinguisher, in case of fire or smoke,
Or else jump through the window, for the pane is already broke.
If your head is still affected, sleep in some alley way,
Or crawl into some haystack, where there's plenty needle hay.

TOLLY ON THE SOO.

I am feeling good, by golly
Since I stopped off at Tolly,
I have made quite a few towns on my trip.
I found towns wide awake,
But Tolly takes the cake,
Her boys are a one fellow's take the tip.

CHORUS.

So give three cheers for Tolly,
Her men are fine and jolly.
I met no better bunch inside the loop.
I feel good yet by golly,
Since the day I spent in Tolly,
I wish I had a photo of the group.

For instance Hynes and True
How could you beat them two,
They're as wide awake as any men could be.
And C. W. Heineke,
You can bet looks good to me,
And of course there's nothing wrong with
Dick Tremble.

Baker is a first class printer
In summer or in winter.
He gets out a newsy paper, up-to-date.
And the druggist, W. A. Miner,
You couldn't meet no finer,
If you traveled all around the bloomin' state.

Jack O'Loughlin keeps hotel,
He's a prince from what they tell.
Leo Safford runs a first class restaurant.
Cots, the barber, is O. K.
Billy Hudson the harp can play,
Beat Pete and Louis Sours I know you can't.

Tuck Mollison you bet,
Is a live one, don't forget.
Roy Johnson is the jeweler, by the way
He will sell a wedding ring
For half price in the spring;
He figures on some future sales they say.

I found Jim Simkins square
On our trip down to Kennmare;
They say he is a painter of renown.
I rather think that's true,
For Jim can go a few,
Just ask the bunch we met in Kenmare town.

Geo. A. Isaacs he buys grain,
Ira Pellett won't complain
If some expert horseman ropes him in.
Carl Swens he won't squeal
When he gets bit on a deal,
And Vick Lindbloom he always has the tin.

Geo. Burnett is on the square,
I met other good boys there.
I found no better town inside the loop.
Harry Marshall and Makee,
They also looked good to me,
So I'd like to have a photo of the group.

POET A SUCCESSFUL GARDENER.

From Ward County Independent.

J. J. Somers, the "Critic Poet" from Ren-ville raised four acres of garden truck and sold \$550 worth of vegetables in Maxbass, Lansford, Mohall and Hurd. He is within ten miles of each of those places. He raised 250 bushels of onions, an acre of cabbage, a large quantity of potatoes, cucumbers, beets, carrots and rutabagas. Besides he had 70 acres of

crop on his farm. When he arrived in Minot three years ago he had but \$40 in cash. He now has a nice bunch of fine stock.

"You can grow anything here and you can sell anything you grow," Mr. Somers explained. He had 16 acres of oats that averaged 65 bushels, machine measure, and 20 bushels of wheat on discing.

MY CHARMING NELLIE M'GREE.

(As Written and Sung by J. J. Somers, 1885.)

Farwell to Duluth, I must leave thee,
And friends I may never see more,
To seek for a healthier climate,
Far away from the one I adore.
As the cold winds from off Lake Superior,
With the Canada boy don't agree,
Broken hearted I'm left for to wander,
Far away from my Nellie McGree.

When I am far away from my darling,
In Texas or sweet Tennessee,
I will sigh for the day that I parted
My charming sweet Nellie McGree.
Soon over the rails I'll be carried,
Where many strange faces I'll see,
But among them I cannot find any
To equal my Nellie McGree.

CHORUS.

Good bye, fare you well, I must leave you,
Some day I may come back to thee;
I never intend to decieve you,
My charming sweet Nellie McGree.

MY CHARMING NELLIE M'GREE (continued)

If I should return to my Nellie,
And she should prove constant to me,
No more through the world I would wander
For away from my Nellie McGree.
But if she should prove false and should marry,
Some one of a higher degree,
All the rest of my life I would tarry
For the sake of my Nellie McGree.

I am leaving you now to my sorrow,
No matter wherever I be;
In my prayers I'll remember my darling,
My charming sweet Nellie McGree.
And one thing I'll say before going,
My heart it will never be free,
Until I'll return to my darling,
My charming sweet Nellie McGree.

A TRIP TO MUSKOKA.

(The Author's First Poem, 1878.)

I boarded the train at Stayner in the year of
seventy-eight,
And landed safe in Gravenhurst, for the
boat I was too late.
I walked up to the village and got on board
a stage
With twelve others for Bracebridge, like
sardines in a cage.

When we arrived in Bracebridge 'twas after
ten o'clock;
Some tavernkeepers were in bed—more had
their doors to lock.
We got into one hotel—the landlord's name
was Kent—
Though all the beds were occupied, we
helped to pay the rent.

I occupied a home-made lounge, without a
quilt or sheet,
Cuddled in an overcoat with my socks upon
my feet.
In the next berth was a darkey—no overcoat
had he.
I kept my eye on him all night, and he done
the same with me.

The next day I made Huntsville, and the next
saw Emsdale;
I then walked eight miles farther, on the
Surveyor's Trail.
My father he did welcome me at the old log
shanty door,
And I felt much like saying, "Your dear boy
will roam no more."

CONTRIBUTED TO THE HERALD.

If you've got \$1,000, salt it down,
You are quite an exception in our town;
You certainly don't booze,
And I'd hate to see you loose,
So be careful how you choose.
Just salt it down.

If you've got a good position, hold it down,
You are better off than many in our town;
Trust prices we all feel
When we eat our scanty meal;
If you can save a silver wheel,
Just salt it down.

If you invest, just buy a piece of land,
Don't speculate in rock piles or in sand;
Buy Minnesota's best,
Or go away out west.
And time will do the rest.
If you hold it down.

No use to covet green fields far away,
Duluth and Minnesota are O. K.
Believe what I tell you,
Or ask George Maxwell what to do,
His predictions will come true.
So hold her down.

So don't overlook the value of good land;
You run no chance to lose, you understand,
Good land is good as gold,
It's a nice thing when you're old,
As with ease your arms you fold.
Do you understand?

P. S.—This article was written for the second of the Herald's series of contests. Entitled, "I've got the first \$1,000; what shall I do with it?"

FOR HIS SAKE.

I ask of you a favor
Although you live afar,
We need your kind assistance
In our Catholic bazaar.

Please send me one handkerchief
Silk or cotton, large or small
It will help to build a church
In the village of Mohall.

COLEMAN'S ACRE TRACTS.

On the banks of Lester river
There lies a tract of land;
It is known as Lester Valley;
It's a beauty spot most grand.
The surroundings are most charming,
And if I must tell the truth,
It is the ideal suburbs to the city of
Duluth.

Take a stroll up Lester river,
Watch the rippling water flow;
By the babbling brook each shady nook
Cheers the heart where 'ere you go.
The birds and trees and the scented breeze
Will keep your nerves intact.
In a cozy cot on an acre lot, in Coleman's
acre tracts.

Lester Valley is one mile from Lake Superior shore,
The boats you view as they pass through,
From your little cottage door,
Come out and share the balmy air; get
posted on the facts,
And you'll never rest until you invest
In Coleman's acre tracts.

Other suburbs have their charms,
That fact I don't deny;
But the east branch of Lester river
Nature did much beautify.
And when Snively's boulevard is complete,
There will be no drawbacks;
We'll go to and fro in a big auto—
To Coleman's acre tracts.

IN MEMORY OF OUR DEPARTED BROTHER, REV. DONALD MacKENZIE.

(Died in Duluth Union Depot, Jan. 26, 1912, Age 47 Years.)

I listened to a speaker
In a banquet hall one night;
He told of the life of Robert Burns,
And of his death-bed sight.
He pictured to his fellow clans
A most pathetic scene
How the poet died in his prime and pride
As he called for his dear wife Jean.

Though his dear Jean was near him
She could not kiss his brow;
Nor could she kiss his infant babe,
Her strength would not allow.
Each heart grew sad with sympathy,
A tear came in their eye;
'Tis sad but true, the speaker, too,
A tragic death must die.

Though he was hale and hearty,
And his jokes our hearts did cheer;
Next day he died, far from the side
Of those he loved so dear.
Donald MacKenzie fare thee well;
We mourn your tragic end.
May a just God share his joys up there
With our departed friend.

Without a moment's warning
He bid this world adieu.
Just as he started homewards
To the ones he loved so true.
We mourn for his orphan children;
We mourn for a widow's grief;
May they meet some day in heaven
Where true Christians find relief.

THE NIGHT OTTO HANSON SHOWED SOMERS THE WAY.

(Written at Willow Bunch, Saskatchewan, 1910.)

The stars shone bright on a summer's night,
To that we both agree;
When two pioneers on the prairies for years
Went out their next neighbor to see.
But on their way back they took the wrong
track;

They found home sometime the next day.
They lit their last match in Schivies garden
patch,
The night Otto Hanson showed Somers
the way.

All the mountains and sloughs they tried to
peruse
Of the trip they had little to say
Schivies garden looks square
But they lost the trail there,
The night Otto Hanson showed Somers
the way.

When they found Heart Butte, they sent up a
hoot;
It gave them new courage and hope;
Says Otto, I know the direction to go.

My shack is down here on the slope.
After roaming awhile they found a stone pile;
Then Otto to Somers did say;
I have been here before, we're at George's
once more,
On the night Otto Hanson showed Somers
the way.

They crawled into George's bed,
And next morn they said,
We are tired and hungry and would like to
chew.

They then devoured lunch
And started out for Willow bunch,
And to keep awake was more than they could
do.

They awoke from their snooze
Much relieved of the blues,
And returned home cheerful and gay.

They roam nights no more,
Heart Butte to explore,
Since the night Otto Hanson showed Somers
the way.

THE MAN WITH THE PETRIFIED GALL.

Now Johnny Lynch
It is a cinch.
Your gall is petrified.
You have nerve enough
To try to bluff
When you're on the inside.

You little whiff,
Just one good biff
Would silence your fool mug.
I'll make a bet
That's what you'll get,
You little brazen pug.

Now Mr. Elichon Judge
Please take a nudge,
Don't tamper with the poet,
For if you do
You'll surely rue
It's time that you should know it.

If we should meet
Upon the street,
Don't open your bazoo.
If you've the cheek
To dare to speak,
I'll break you right in two.

So Johnny Wise
Think of your size,
Also your low position.
Give up your slang,
Or join some gang
To suit your disposition.

So Johnny Tough
I've said enough,
For our first introduction.
If I said more,
You might feel sore,
And go to destruction.

REFLECTIONS.

When the lights are burning lowly and the
cares have flown,
And I go and get my meersham from its
shelf,
When the house is dark and silent and I sit
and smoke alone,
I have often asked these questions of myself.
Why are we forever chasing fleeting rainbows
in the sky
As we tread upon the blossoms of the flowers?
Why is it we strive and struggle from our
births until we die
Overlooking all the pleasures that are ours?

Why will things in dim perspective which we
never can attain
Lure us on until our fading dreams have fled,
Leaving but the trampled blossoms with their
fragrancy of pain
To remind us of the roses that are dead?
And 'mid dreams of smoke and fancy as the
embers slowly die
Mystic voices from the shadows seem to say,
"Though a thousand tinted rainbows hang their
arches in the sky,
You should gather in the roses while you
may."

THE WILLOW BUNCH.

(Written at Minot, N. D., 1910.)

A jolly bunch from near Ambrose,
To H. J. Heckman did propose:
Let us go west, so off he goes;
He had a lunch.
A pack horse he did quickly get,
And rode through the country, dry and wet.
He found the best land ever yet,
Near Willow Bunch.

He traveled just three thousand miles
And gave each district a fair trial;
Driving across country was his style;
He carried lunch.
He looked Alberta, o'er and o'er
Until his eyes and feet were sore;
He made up his mind to look no more
Near Willow Bunch.

On a half section he did file
And then returned home, with a smile
And told his friends in a short while,
Of township two.
Then to each friend he gave a plot
With full description of each lot;
Range twenty-seven boys that's what
For me and you.

In nineteen ten you'll find us there,
A jolly bunch that fears no care;
Our friendship we'll be glad to share
With wine or punch.
So if you chance to come our way,
Give us a call by night or day;
We'll prove to you that we're O. K.
At Willow Bunch.

See Heckman, Brackelsburg, or Raun,
Lou, White, Kinley or Jake Knudson,
They are good fellows every one;
That's a cinch.
And don't forget to call on me,
A pioneer from good old N. D.
All comers will be welcome, see,
To Willow Bunch.



Looping The Mouse River Loop.
Copyright 1910. by J. J. Somers. Minot.

Farewell Trip on the Minot Trail.

HEART ALA CARTE.

While your on the coast,
Where I'd love to be most
And I'm among Dakota's bleak blizzards.
A piece of my heart
I would send a la carte,
But they say nothing's left but gizzard.

They accuse me of stalling,
When I see a man falling,
They say I've no heart that is true.
But they are away off their trolley,
And I've fooled them by golly,
It's out on the coast, there with you.

BROTHER MARTIN PRESENTS A CIGAR CASE TO HIS BROTHER JIM.

We present you a bottle
Of condensed smoke.
May it ever be full
And you never be broke.
If you take a trip
To Chisholm or Buhl,
Smoke up a Havana
And try to keep cool.

Your match on the top
In this bottle you'll see.
In other respects
We don't think it could be.
When you're through smoking smokers
Of a various kind;
Unscrew the bottom
And your finish you'll find.

SURPRISED.

From the Maxbass Monitor.

The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Somers, about seven miles west of town, was, on Wednesday evening, invaded by friends who brought with them Stark's famous orchestra—than which there are few better in the state—and danced until the “wee sma’ hours” of the morning. The affair was a total surprise to Mr. Somers, but he admirably arose to the occasion and with right royal hospitality welcomed the party and made everyone feel at home. During the intermissions in the dancing, songs, recitations, and step dancing were in order, everyone entering into the spirit of the affair and contribut-

ing his share to the evening's enjoyment. Messrs. Somers, Kent, and Coghlan were the principal contributors to the vocal program and that they made a “hit” was evidenced by the thunderous rounds of applause after each selection. About midnight a delicious lap lunch was served. As a token of the esteem in which they are held by their many friends, Mr. and Mrs. Somers were made the recipients of several beautiful presents. About 4 o'clock the party broke up, the guests expressing much regret that cruel necessity compelled them to depart in order to take up their daily labors.

FED THE HUNGRY.

From the Maxbass Monitor.

A jolly party assembled at the rural home of J. J. Somers, the critic poet, last Sunday and were welcomed in his usual hospitable manner. After partaking of a hearty turkey dinner the afternoon was pleasantly spent with music, singing and games. In the evening a chicken and turkey supper was served—and such a spread could not be beaten in the swellest eating house in the land. The guests included that tall Milesian gentleman, “Tom” Hastings, and his accomplished wife, the Misses Brady and father, Joseph Brady, “Doc” Kent—who when it comes to entertaining is a host in himself—Louis Geifer, John Mul-

lans, W. J. Evans and James P. Dillon. The party from town had a narrow escape from a serious accident in leaving which was only averted by the skilful driving of W. J. Evans. The horses were wild and barely manageable, and as soon as attached to the buggy started off at a furious speed, but “Walt” performed the difficult feat of guiding them, while on the “dead gallop” between a telegraph pole and a tree, where there was scarcely room for the buggy to pass, on to the road and there got them under control. Taken altogether, it was one of the most enjoyable days in the lives of the Maxbass crowd and one which they declare they will never forget.

From the Grand Forks Herald.

J. J. Somers, the “Bard of the Mouse River Loop,” “that man with the hoe,” and varied other titles has arranged for a St. Patrick's day dance, to be given at Maxbass as a fare-

well ball and celebration. A Dutch band, brass band, bagpipe players, orchestra and harpist will furnish music and a special train from Minot will help some.

THE BUILDERS.

(From the *Outing Magazine*, March, 1906.)

The loneliness and homesickness of the pioneers of the Dakota prairies is not a new story. What they suffered in Kansas and Nebraska, they fought through in this latest migration into North Dakota. They endured and conquered in the spirit that glows in every line of the following verses. They are better than any attempts at description, for the author, James J. Somers of Renville, is a North Dakota man who has lived the life whose trials he so vividly sings:

"I am one of the pioneers
Of North Dakota state.
At Hill's request I came out west
In search of real estate.
I filed along the Cut Bank creek
Just forty miles from rail.
And I started farming with a hoe,
Along the Minot trail.

The hardships that we did endure,
From hunger and from cold,
I haven't time to tell you,
Or it never will be told.
To start from Minot with a load
The rivers they were far apart,
And a well was something new.
And face a northwest gale,
It would break your heart, right on the
start,
Along the Minot trail.

It often tickled us to find
Some water in a slough.
I used to have a demijohn—
I called it "ginger-ale"—
Once in awhile we'd take a smile
Along the Minot Trail.

The only fuel we knew about
Was prairie hay and straw.
From November until April
We never had a thaw.
I often thought I'd rather be
In some good warm jail,
While twisting hay both night and day
Along the Minot trail.

And when the snow would disappear
The gophers would begin.
They'd eat up everything we sowed,
And then we'd sow again.
If I could scheme some new device
To kill the flicker-tail,
I might stand a show with my old hoe
Along the Minot trail."

In a more jubilant strain the poet has sung a sequel to his tale of stress and woe:

"There's no corporation
Can dictate our ration.
For strikes or for boycotts
We don't care a whoop."

His muse sings a top-note of triumph in these lines, where it is fitting that we leave him:

"The gophers we've banished,
The shacks have all vanished,
Except for an odd one
That's used as a coop.
On each claim there's a mansion
Where stockmen were ranchin'
Just four years ago
In the Mouse River Loop."

VISIT THE COUNTRY.

From the Maxbass Monitor.

Last Sunday three hungry looking individuals from Maxbass invaded the rural home of J. J. Somers, the critic poet, seven miles west of this city, and devoured several of his fine spring chickens and much of his excellent garden produce. However, Mr. and Mrs. Somers are the soul of hospitality and immediately made their guests feel at home and welcome. The array of tempting viands set before the visitors was enough to make a dead man rise in his coffin and ask for another mouthful before being buried; and the cooking—it was superb. There is an old saying that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and such being the case, actions certainly spoke louder than words in complimenting Mrs. Somers on her cooking.

After enjoying some fragrant Havanas in the shade of the beautiful grove, the party, which consisted of W. J. Evans, John Mullan

and James P. Dillon, inspected the large and well kept garden of "the man with the hoe." Here were onions and carrots and turnips and tomatoes and parsnips and parsley and lettuce and cucumbers and citrons and peas and beans and potatoes in profusion, several different varieties of each being grown, and all appearing in excellent condition. It is marvelous how one man can find time to look after such a large garden and also attend to his large crop of wheat and flax.

The party returned in the evening, after spending the most enjoyable day of their lives, and being of one mind in the exprosoion that truly the Lord loves the Irish.

From the Mohall Tribune.

The Maxbass Monitor tells of a big surprise party tendered Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Somers east of here. The poet is still popular and continues to write it down as it comes to him.

BIG TIME AT MAXBASS "Bard of Mouse River Loop" to Give a Farewell Ball.

From the Minot Optic.

One of the biggest celebrations ever given in northwestern North Dakota will take place on Thursday evening, March 17, at Maxbass. The celebration will be in the nature of a St. Patrick's day ball and will be a testimonial farewell to J. J. Somers, "the Bard of the Mouse River Loop," better known as "The man with the hoe." Special music has been engaged for the occasion, consisting of Rognlies' orchestra of Minot, Billy Chase's famous Dutch band of Eckman; Maxbass orchestra of Maxbass, assisted by Frank

Stark's famous cornet band; also W. W. Davey, the champion harp player of the northwest, and the Glenburn band of twenty-two pieces. Dancing will take place in three halls, which will be especially decorated for the occasion. The various committees will see that all have a good time and supper will be served at the Hotel Wall. The cash prizes to be given will be, "Belle of the Ball," \$10; best lady dancer, \$10; best gentleman dancer, \$10; most typical Irishman, \$10. A large delegation of merry-makers is planning on attending from Minot.

From Minot Reporter.

J. J. Somers, who will give a big ball at Maxbass, March 17, reports that he has engaged a special train which will leave Minot at 2:30 on the day, returning early the next morning. Many from this city are sure to at-

tend. Major Murphy has been engaged to give an address. The Amidon orchestra will play at the Maxbass hotel during the evening. Mr. Somers is planning one of the greatest events of the kind that has ever been given in the Northwest.

THE SPREAD-EAGLE DANCE Somers' Farewell Dance on March 17 Was Thoroughly Enjoyed.

From the Maxbass Monttor.

The most disappointed man in Bottineau county today is the Bard of the Mouse River Loop, J. J. Somers.

When Mr. Somers conceived the idea of giving his farm away at his farewell dance, he no doubt anticipated no trouble in disposing of three thousand tickets. Jim fully expected to sell these tickets, give the people the time of their lives and go out on his special train accompanied by brass bands and parting plaudits of the multitude, but alas, the farm is still the Bard's and the gift dance fizzled out as far as the drawing was concerned.

The dance was an unqualified success and the brass band, string orchestras and bagpipes were here to entertain the crowd. The special train pulled in on time, cigars and refreshments were free and the dance was the

biggest thing of the kind ever attempted here.

The drawing did not take place because only twelve hundred tickets had been sold—about enough to pay expenses—but the deed has been deposited in the Security bank and all those having purchased tickets on the strength of the drawing will have an opportunity to get their money back after October 1. The town has no apology to make as it was strictly an individual affair and as far as we are concerned we feel sorry for Mr. Somers that his plans miscarried.

During the dance a lamp was knocked down which caused an incipient panic and a rush for the stairs but the timely order of Prof. Amadon to play some music quieted the people down and the fire was extinguished after Joe Fraser had presence of mind enough to carry the lamp outside.

SOMERS GROWS CAUSTIC.

From the Ward County Independent.

J. J. Somers, the Bard of the Mouse River Loop, was in Minot yesterday. It will be remembered that Mr. Somers gave a dance at Maxbass on St. Patrick's Day, at which time he expected to give away his farm to the holder of the lucky ticket. Not enough tickets were sold and in consequence the farm was not given away, but he informs us

that the money has been returned to all who bought tickets, and who did not attend the dance, who returned their tickets within the thirty days, specified by him. Some of the fellows who ought to be Jim's best friends have been doing a little knocking and Mr. Somers has replied in the following caustic lines:

I HAVEN'T GONE THE SULLY OR MYERS ROUTE YET.

The spread eagle dance
Put some in a trance,
It may take some time to recover.
The expert eagle grabbers,
And false expert tabbers,
Can't outdo an expert pen shover.

I've committed no sin
And yet my fellow men,
They ridicule, slander and fret.
They don't need to holler,
For they won't lose their dollar;
I haven't gone the Sulley or Myers route yet.

I am disappointed in men
Who slander me when,
I am boosting their business and town.
Men who knock, block and lie,
Their tactics I defy,
They can't keep an honest man down.

It was a one man affair,
Thanks for boosting me there.
I fought single handed, you bet.
My true friends, though few,
I'll make good, that I'll do,
I haven't gone the Sulley or Myers route yet.

So here's to the green
And each Irish colleen,
Here's to each true friend of mine.
Here's to the pen,
Given by my fellowmen;
I prize it as something divine.

Here's to the hoe,
And where're I go
I'll cherish that token, my pet.
With my pen and my hoe,
I'll sure make the dough,
I'll never go the Sully or Myers route, don't fret.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

I sat in the cab of my engine lads
One dark cloudy night in June;
I was fireman on engine 66,
That was wrecked last month at Boone.

The engineer sat just across the cab
With such a sad look in his eyes,
That I asked him what was troubling him
And he said much to my surprise.

"Would you like to hear a story lad,
A story of love and woe,
Of an event that has saddened the rest of my
life
Though it happened long ago?"

I answered, "yes," and he said, "Well then,
In the fall of '49,
I was engineer of the Midland Express
The fastest train on the line.

My sweetheart, Nell, lived close by the track,
And every night she would stand,
On the top of the cut and as we passed by
She would smile and wave her hand.

One night we were late and were running fast
And as usual Nell was there;
I can see her yet with her sweet blue eyes
And her wealth of golden hair.

But as she stepped to the top of the bank
She stumbled I don't know how,
And fell right in front of the rushing train,
Oh, God! I can see her now.

I shut off steam and set the brakes
And tried to stop the train;
But with our speed and on the grade,
My efforts were all in vain.

Just as she staggered to her feet
We struck her with all our power;
Should I live on earth a thousand year,
I can never forget that hour.

I leaped from the engine gangway
And ran back to confirm my fears;
The rest of the crew were already there
And every man was in tears.

Gently I raised my poor darling;
She smiled up at me and said,
'Good bye, dear Jim,' then sank weakly back
And they told me that she was dead.

The next thing that I remember,
I lay in a darkened room;
And when I remembered what happened,
My heart was filled with gloom.

But when I had fully recovered,
I took again this run;
And for ten years now I've held it,
But my work is nearly done.

For something tells me tonight lad
That e'er the rise of another sun;
I shall be with Nell in Heaven,
I'll have finished my last run."

As he finished his story they signaled
And we pulled from the city in gloom,
Jim sat with his hand on the throttle,
And drove straight ahead to his doom.

For we met the express at the curve that night
With a terrible shock and shriek,
I was hurled from the cab, more dead than
alive,
But for Jim I started to seek.

We found him under the engine
With his life blood flowing fast,
But a calm sweet smile was on his face
He was with dear Nell at last.

Composed by Leslie R. Smith.

THE FIREMEN'S LAST CALL.

The memorable McDonald fire last year, resulting in the death of five firemen, was the inspiration for the following verses, a copy of which was furnished The Tribune through courtesy of George W. Kehoe, captain of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. The person who penned them is quite young, but so aptly did he imbibe the spirit of the sorrowful event that each fireman at headquarters has a copy of the verses framed and hung in his room. The verses are as follows:

The wind was gently blowing
And dew-drops kissed the rose;
Our firemen were retiring,
To a peaceful night's repose.

And on this pleasant evening
The moon looked softly down;
Shedding its pale lustre
On a calm and sleeping town.

The stillness soon was broken,
As the cry of fire arose,
And the dismal sound of fire-bells,
Disturbed their night's repose.

Boldly dashed the firemen
To where the flames rolled high,
And on that fiery structure
Their deadly streams did ply.

They rushed into the alley,
The bravest of them all—
Into that fatal alley
Beneath the treach'rous walls.

They fought the fire bravely,
And when the walls gave 'way
Five of our daring firemen
Beneath the ruins lay.

Brave Richardson and Uehlein,
Together fought and died;
Sande, Hoy and Horner
Lay mingled side by side.

These heroes now are sleeping
Among the honored dead;
And never more the fire alarm
Shall call them from their bed.

A DANCE AMONG THE LUMBER JACKS.

"Cal" Stone, the "Sapolio Belvidere" general passenger agent of the St. Paul and Duluth railroad, was in the city the other day, on his return from Cloquet, Minn., to which point he escorted some 700 lumber jacks. He says he attended, for the first time, a dance given by lumber jacks in a neighboring lumber camp. He says he stood behind the fiddler most of the time, for he remembered the old adage, "Don't shoot the fiddler, as he's doing the best he can." But what amused him most was the "calling off," which was executed by a raw-boned jack from the Clam river. "Cal" says this is the way he "threw it into them:"

Git yer cant-hook on a lady—
Slide her out here on the floor,
What's the matter with you fellers?
Ain't yer got yer nerve no more?
That's right, say, this ain't no log-jam:
Spread out like a lot o' stumps!
Saw that crazy Dutchman's legs off,
Fore he has a case o' jumps.

Hev yer got the logs a-runnin'?
Pipes don't go et this here rag—
Gents don't come to dance, Ole.
When they've got a redhot jag,
Cook cain't scale his derned old fiddle—
Yes, he kin, so let her go!
Honner pardners! Fust four forward!
Come again 'n don't be slow!

All cross over! Where's yer manners,
Reddy Burke? Throw out that cud!
Spittin' on the floors forbidden—
Try it 'n y'll lose some blood,
Back again! So! That's the caper!
Grab yer gals, spin eround;
Don't be skeered ter squeeze a little—
Places all! 'n stan' yer groun'.

Side four forward!—here, no scrappin'!
Part them fellers!—chuck 'em out!
Git that Polack's knife, 'n slam him!
That's good! Biff him, Sauerkraut!
Easy, ladies—Side four forward!
No one's goin' ter hurt yer now,
All cross over!—here's a pine slab
That'll settle any row.

THE LAST SONG MY FATHER SANG.

Come all young maids, so fair and gay,
That glory in your prime,
Be wise, beware, keep your gardens clear,
Let no man steal your time.

For when your time it is all gone,
There'll no man care for you,
And the very place where my time was
Is spread all over with rue.

The gardner's son was standing by,
Three flowers he plucked for me,
The pink, the blue, the violet, too,
And the red rosy three.

I'll cut off the primrose top,
And plant a willow tree,
So that the whole world may plainly see,
How my love slighted me.

Slighted lovers they must live,
Although they live in pain;
For the grass that grows in yon green moor
In time will rise again.

LINES IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED FRIEND, NETTIE RAUSTAD.

Our cherished friend has gone to rest
In Heaven, forevermore to be blessed,
And in fancy I hear that heavenly throng
As that sweet soul joins in their song
Of praise to the Saviour who redeems.
Now her earthly trials are forgotten it seems
As to her dawns this new life of bliss
Being greeted by angels with a heavenly kiss.

From wishing her this joy, should I refrain?
Yet still, the tear drops my cheeks do stain
As I think of her kind deeds, in days gone by
My heart fills with sorrow, in vain I sigh.
A golden link, in a family of love
Was our little friend, as pure as a dove;
The sweetest flowers from the garden are
broken
As the death-angel passes without a word
spoken.

Dear little Annie has gone years ago
And now darling Nettie is with her we know.
Two sweet little angels in Heaven above
Dwelling in the sunshine of God's love.
The walls of the City are jasper; the streets of
gold,
And happiness is not bought or sold.
Then trusting to our Heavenly Father's care
We will dwell with our loved ones some day
there.

Just a few more days, a few more years
In this world of joy, or this world of tears
And we'll follow dear ones gone before
To find them waiting on the other shore.
How grand the meeting of our loved ones there
When as angels, they welcome us on the golden
stair.

Our joys in that glory, told cannot be,
And we'll dwell with them all through eternity.

Written Wednesday night, March 30, 1910.

—D. L. W.

OLD NORTH DAKOTA.

Take me back to North Dakota,
Where there is plenty of room and air,
Where there is flax and elevators,
Self binders and prickly pear.
Where there aint no pomp nor glitter,
Where a "shillin's" called a "bit,"
Where at night the magpies twitter,
Where the Injun fights were fit.

Take me back where land is plenty,
Where there is rattlesnakes and ticks,
Where a stack of "whites" costs twenty,
Where they don't sell gilded bricks.
Where the old Missouri river
And the winding, clear Sheyenne,
Makes green patches in the Bad Lands,
Where the Sioux and Blackfeet ran.

Take me where there aint no subways,
Nor no forty-story shacks,
Where they shy at automobiles,
Dudes, plug hats and three-rail tracks,
Where the honest sun-burned farmer
Dreams of wealth and plows the dirt,
Where the sleepy night herd "puncher"
Sings to steers and plies his quirt.

Take me where there's diamond hitches,
Ropes and brands and cartridge belts,
Where the boys wear "chapps" for britches,
Soft boiled shirts and Stetson felts.
Land of "blind pigs" and hustle,
Land of waving grain of gold,
Take me back to North Dakota,
Let me die there when I am old.

A NEW DEAL.

When the cards are shuffled and dealt again
On the other side of the day,
And the hand you held goes over the board
To the fellow that couldn't play.

We'll know whether you could take his hand
And play it as well as he
And whether the man with the thirteen trumps
Was the man he seemed to be.

Health and wealth and birth and worth
And wit are the cards you hold;
But the cards that were dealt to him
Were hunger and rags and cold.

Oh! it's easy to win with the winning hand
And to carry away the prize,
But hard to lose with a winning grace
In the selfish victor's eyes.

But the dealer that dealt us the good and ill
Will shuffle the pack anew;
Then the trumps will go to the man that lost,
And the losing cards to you;

And many a prize shall fall at last
To the fellow that couldn't play,
And the winner knows how it feels to lose—
On the other side of the day.

TOO LATE.

This is her room, and this the chair,
In which she sat day after day;
The soft little dent in the cushion there
Is the spot where her dear head lay.

Here is her work where she laid it down,
With the needle still in the fold,
And the stitch half taken too heavy grown
For the poor weak hands to hold.

How oft the failing eyes looked out
O'er the upland barren and brown;
To see if one whom she dreamt about
Came riding in haste from town.

The roses that droop in the old blue jar
Have long been touched with decay;
Oh! I have come fast and I have come far
To find them like this today.

The sunlight enters the curtains between
And brightens the dusty floor
As I ponder the things that might have been
And the things that shall be no more.

A PLEA FOR ONE WHO FAILED.

They called him Failure, all the busy throng
Of bold, successful men, and idlers told
Beneath their breath, the sorry tale and long,
Of futile loses. But one heart of Gold
Remembered other days, his eager youth,
His charm, his promise, all his careless truth.

Remembered, too, the hampered race he ran,
His handicap of care beyond his years,
A boy, slight, crude, with duties of a man;
A man, restrained from ranking with his
peers.
His gift,—a touch of genius, Heaven-sent,
His tragedy—its undevelopment!

Ah, ye brave Sons of Fortune favoring,
Forget your splendid scorn of Unsuccess!
Not always does the finger fit the ring
Nor heart of hero beat 'neath kingly dress.
A failure—granted! But you, in his place,
Clear Failure might have tarnished by Dis-
grace!

IF—.

If you were wise, or I were wise,
We should not disagree
About so much, but exercise
More charity.

If you knew much, or I knew much,
We'd speak in kinder tone,
More loving, every look and touch
Would bless our own.

If you could learn, or I could learn,
Life would not seem so vain,
And happiness, e'en, might return
And banish pain.

If you could see, or I could see
How short the road ahead,
How kind our every act would be,
And all we said.

If you could know, or I could know,
Each silent, troubled mind,
We should not grieve each other so,
But—we are blind!

HER ANSWER.

Her eyes were as blue as the heavens above;
And the stars, they were never so bright.
Love her? Why, yes, to be sure—but my love
Was sadly commingled with fright,
All winter I stood at the portals of Fate,
Both longing and fearing to knock;
One should not be rash in a matter of weight,
For all may be lost by a shock.

At last one night, putting prudence to flight,
I charged the sweet Foe like a brave—
But fancy my feelings, victorious wight,
As I harked to the answer she gave;
"I ought to say 'no,'" said serenely the Fair,
"Yes, I ought, with a scolding, and more!—
I've waited for weeks—don't rumple my hair—
Why didn't you tell me before!"

THE SECRET.

There's a little word called "Sweetheart;" it's
as old as Heaven's blue;
'Tis the sweetest word e'er spoken and its joy
is ever new;
It was Love's first murmured message, spoken
in the ear of Love,
When the earth took shape from nothing and
the blue sky arched above;
It has come through time unmeasured; it has
lived unnumbered years;
It was born of smiles and laughter and has
dried grief's countless tears;
It's the magic soul of music and the living fire
of art.
And I've chosen it to give thee—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

Ah, the aching hearts and heavy it has bidden
hear and smile;
It has bidden Youth be merry and has cheered
the afterwhile
Of the years to peace and gladness and the
dreary days and long
Are forgotten in the glory of its whispered
even-song.
It has made the heart go leaping of the school-
boy at his play;
It has filled with gladder dreamings all the sun-
shine of his day;
It has bridged world-sundered chasms and has
played the noblest part
In the life and strife of being—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

It has cheered the eve of battles; it has fired
the heart of dawn;
It has braved the mouth of cannon and has
borne war's banners on;
It has lured the soldier deathward, where the
scarp was red and steep;
It has trembled like a blessing on the ashen
lips of sleep;
It has hushed the cry of children; it has fired
the souls of men,
Beaten back on shores of Failure to be bold
and strong again;
In the hermit's cloistered silence or in Traf-
fic's busy mart,
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

And forever and forever, through the endiess-
ness of Time,
It shall hallow song and story and shall be the
soul of rhyme.
It shall be a part of Being, much as heartbeat,
much as breath,
It shall be the joy of living and the overthrow
of Death;
So I bid thee kneel and listen till I whisper
thee the key,
Till I tell thee why is Labor, Life, Love, Death
and Mystery;
Hut or palace, serf or master, clod or genius,
toil or art,
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little
word "Sweetheart."
—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

BETHGELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF A GREYHOUND.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer.
"Come, Gelert, come; wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear."
"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"
'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John!
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare!
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding, his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unsed such looks to meet;
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed,
And on went Gelert, too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
And still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer awakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass
Or forester, unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

—William Howard Spencer.

JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I wandered to the village, Tom, and sat beneath
the tree,
Upon the school house playing ground, that
sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and
few were left to know,
Who played with me upon the green, just
twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom; bare-
footed boys at play,
Were sporting just as we were then, with spir-
its just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill, which,
coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years
ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows on
its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the
stream appears less wide;
The grape vine swing is ruined now, where
once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just
twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered some, the
benches are replaced
By others very like the ones our penknives had
defaced;
The same old bricks are in the walls, the bell
swings to and fro,
Its music's just as sweet, dear Tom, as twenty
years ago.

JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO (continued)

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close
by the spreading beach,
Is very high—'twas once so low—that I could
scarcely reach,
And stooping down to get a drink, dear Tom,
I started so!
To see how much that I was changed, since
twenty years ago.

Close by this spring, upon an elm, you know I
cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and
you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'tis
dying sure, but slow,
Upon the graves of those we loved, just twenty
years ago.

My heart was very sad, dear Tom, and tears
came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early
broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some
flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, just twenty
years ago.

Some now in that churchyard lay, some sleep
beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you
and me;
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and
we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just
twenty years ago.

—Old Song.

IT'S LITTLE FOR GLORY I CARE.

It's little for glory I care;
Sure ambition is only a fable;
I'd as soon be myself as lord mayor,
With lashins of drink on the table.
I like to lie down in the sun,
And drame when my faytures is
scorchin',
That when I'm too ould for more fun,
Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.

And in winter, with bacon and eggs,
And a place at the turf-fire basking,
Sip my punch as I roasted my legs,
Oh! the devil a more I'd be asking.
For I haven't a joyness for work—
It was never the gift of the Bradies,—
But I'd make a most illigant Turk,
For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

CHRISTMAS HOME WITH MOTHER.

Christmas in the city, with its streets of light
ashine;
Christmas in the castle, with so many things
and fine;
Christmas in the village, with its neighbors
on the street,
And friendship smiling at you from the lips
you love to meet;
But Christmas home with mother—you may
take away the rest,
And give me that for gladness that is tender-
est and best!

Christmas home with mother as it used to be
you know,
In life's divine reversion to the dreams of long
ago;
The old house ringing laughter from the lips
of chick and child.
The old dreams dancing after in the hearts
just fairly wild,
And the romping, ringing revel, and the dinner
with its smells
Of the old familiar dishes with their haunting
homespund spells!

Turn back again, oh, marchers, in the ranks
that lead away
From the Christmas home with mother to
the fields of fame and fray!
The triumph may be tempting and the victory
fine and sweet,
But Christmas home with mother makes the
heart forget the street.
And the roaring world around one, and the
new life for the old,
And its fanfare and its tinsel and its gilt
without the gold!

Christmas home with mother—'tis a dream
to make one creep
To the attic as in childhood for a little child-
hood sleep;
And the waking at her calling, and the march-
ing single file
To the Christmas in the parlor with our faces
wreathed in smile
At the tender expectation—how it glows within
as yet—
Of the things we said we wanted and 'he things
we knew we'd get!

Christmas home with mother—when it's train
time let me know,
For my heart has bought a ticket to the days
of long ago.
And I have lost the city, with its splendor and
its gleam,
In the Christmas home with mother that has
come to be my dream—
The old house and the childhood, and her sweet
face waiting there
For the phantom sons and daughters single
file upon the stair!

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY.

For living a white life.
For doing your level best.
For paying for your paper.
For looking before leaping.
For being kind to the poor.
For your faith in humanity.
For hearing before judging.
For being candid and frank.
For thinking before speaking.
For harboring clean thoughts.

For discounting the tale-bearer.
For being loyal to your religion.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being as courteous as a duke.
For bridling a slanderous tongue.
For the influence of high motives.
For being generous with an enemy.
For being square in business deals.
For sympathizing with the oppressed.

One that I love best,
Best of all I know;
Shall I tell you why,
Why I love you so?
'Tis because I see,
In your gentle eyes;
Love and modesty,
Truth without disguise!

"Then are we to take it that the English gentleman is the one?" Miss Barrymore was asked.

"No, no, no," she replied. "I'm fond of American men. It's only fops I despise. I will marry none other than a poor man, one who has the ability to make his own dollars, and when I make up my mind to marry him I will be willing to give up career, admiration and everything, if he is worth while. Certainly I wouldn't marry a real man and expect

him to carry my grips from place to place.

"No, I am not happy. I never expect to be until I find some one entirely congenial; some one in whom I find a delicate response to the demands of my nature. I am awfully lonesome sometimes, and often my moods are too many for me and life seems very poor, and I am just weary. I go to my room alone and there's no one to tell it to. No, I am not satisfied or contented or happy. But I am occupied and interested, vitally, in men and women and affairs."

A POEM—WITH AN ADDITION.

To The Star: The enclosed clipping was taken from a law publication and it appears was originally printed in the Chicago Record-Herald. After reading this it occurred to me that it ended rather abruptly and accordingly I composed the last verse, which is also enclosed.
—W. H. Woodwell.

THE ORIGINAL POEM.

Before the gate of heaven there stood
One who had cheated when he could;
He'd run a trust on earth,
Where he'd been worth
More millions than a fig has seeds;
He had been sued for lawless deeds
At least a score of times,
But though 'twas proved that crimes
Had been committed in his interest
And under his direction.
Though juries found him guilty, in his breast
There never lodged dejection.
Whenever any court decided
Against him he appealed;
His doom was sealed
Time and again, but he derided
The sealers, ever sure that he
Somehow, somewhere
Could find a judge who would declare
That in the law
There was a flaw,
And therefore set him free.

One day this man appeared at heaven's gate
And, having been informed about his fate,
He smiled a knowing smile
And stood around a while.
Instead of starting for the realm below,
At length St. Peter asked: "Why don't you
go?"
"Go?" he replied, "go where?
You don't expect me to report
Down there
Where Satan holds his court!
Why, I intend,
My white-haired friend,
To hang around this place;
I shall appeal the case."
"You must depart," the saint directed;
"Or you will forthwith be ejected.
You can't appeal from my decision!"
With fine derision,
He whose appeal was thus denied
Drew himself up in all his pride
Of five feet seven,
And frowning, turned to say:
"This is a punk old way
To run a heaven."

MR. WOODWELL'S EPILOGUE.

But when he reached the other place
And met old Satan face to face,
And with a grin
Was ushered in
To where ex-magnatés shovel coal,
He realized he was in a hole.
He scratched his head,
And then he said:

"Please send for my attorneys, Nimble-Witt,
And have them bring a habeas corpus writ."
The devil leered,
And sneered:
"Those writs don't go
Down here, you know."
Poor man, he had a fainting spell,
And weakly whispered: "This is hell."

RULES FOR SOCIAL SUCCESS.

Be yourself. Don't imitate some one else.
Be as nice to women as you are to men.
Be cordial to older men and women.
Be natural. Forget yourself.
Don't let man monopolize you.
Look as though you were having a good time,
even if you are not.
Make every man feel that you appreciate his
courtesies. Don't gush over them or over him.
Don't spend your time in corners with a man.
Stay out in the open.
Never fail to pay all your calls.
Let nothing prevent you from being prompt.

The best beautifier a young lady can use is
good humor. The best renovator is temperance;
the best lip salve is truth; the best rouge is
modesty; the best eyewater is the tears of
sympathy; the best gargle for the voice is
cheerfulness; the best wash for smoothing wrinkles
is contentment; the best cure for deafness
is attention; the best mirror is reflection, and
the whitest powder is innocence.

STARVING TO DEATH ON A GOVERNMENT CLAIM IN NEBRASKA

My name is Dan Cole, an old bachelor, I am,
I'm keeping old batch on an elegant plan;
You'll find me out here on Nebraska's sand
plain

A starving to death on a government claim.
My house, it is built of the natural soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle;
The roof has no pitch but is level and plain;
I always get wet when it happens to rain,
Hurrah for Nebraska; just come if you please
To the home of grasshoppers and bedbugs and
fleas;

I'll sing loud its praises; I'll sing loud its fame
While starving to death on my government
claim.

My clothes are all ragged, my language is
rough,

My bread is case-hardened and soiled and
tough;

My dough, it is scattered all over the room,
My floor, it gets scared at the sight of a broom,
My dishes are scattered all over the bed,
They're covered with sorghum and government
bread;

I have a good time and I live at my ease
With my soup and my bacon, my sorghum and
grease.

Then come to Nebraska, there's a home for
you all,

Where the winds never cease and the rains
never fall,

Where the sun never sets, but always remain
Until it burns us all out on our government
claims.

How happy I feel when I roll into bed,
The rattlesnake rattles a tune at my head;
The gay little centipede, void of all fear,
Crawls over my face and down into my ears,
The little bedbugs, so cheerful and bright,
He keeps one a-laughing two-thirds of the
night,

The smart little flea with the tacks in his toes,
Crawls up through my whiskers and tickles my
nose.

Hurrah for Nebraska, the land of the west!
Where the farmers and lab'ers are ever at
rest.

With nothing to do but sweetly remain
And starve like a man on a government claim.

Then don't get discouraged if stuck on a claim,
There's nothing to lose, and there's nothing to
gain.

There's nothing to eat and there's nothing to
wear,

So nothing for nothing is honest and fair,
It's here I am settled and here I must stay,
My money's all gone and I can't get away;
There's nothing to make a man hard and pro-
fane.

Like starving to death on a government claim.

Hurrah for Nebraska, where blizzards don't
rise!

Where the winds never cease and the flea never
dies;

Come sing loud its praises, come sing loud its
fame,

Your poor hungry settler that's stuck on a
claim.

Then don't get discouraged if stuck on a claim,

You know you're as free as a pig in a pen,

Just stick to your homestead and battle the
fleas,

And trust to the Master to send us a freeze.

You may try to raise wheat, you may try to
raise rye,

You may stay here to starve, you may stay
here to die.

But as for myself, I'll no longer remain

A starving to death on my government claim.

Farewell to Nebraska, farewell to the West;

Backward I will go to the girl I love best;

I'll go to Missouri and get me a wife

And live on corn dodger the rest of my life.

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it;
So busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside.
Then the crowd came across it
And never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers
And fathers and mothers,
A terrible crew,
And while headlong they hurried
The people they flurried
And troubled and worried,
As lies always do.

SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE.

They have tamed it with their harrows; they
have broken with their plows;
Where the bison used to range it some one's
built himself a house;
They have stuck it full of fence posts; they
have girdled it with wire;
They have shamed it and profaned it with an
automobile tire.
They have bridged its gullied rivers; they have
peopled it with men;
They have churched it; they have schooled it;
they have steeped it—Amen.
They have furrowed it with ridges; they have
seeded it with grain,
And the West that was worth knowing I shall
never see again.

They have smothered all its campfires, where
the beaten plainsman slept;
They have driven up their cattle where the
sulking coyote crept;
They have made themselves a pasture where
the timid deer would browse.
Where the antelope were feeding they have
dotted o'er with cows;
There's a yokel's tuneless whistling down the
bison's winding trail,
Where the redman's arrow fluttered there's a
woman with a pail,
Driving up the cows for milking; they cut its
wild extent
Into forty-acre patches till its glory is all
spent.

I remember in the sixties, when as far as I
could see,
It had never lord or ruler but the buffalo and
me;
E'er the blight of man was on it, and the end-
less acres lay
Just as God Almighty left them on the rest-
ful Seventh day;
When no sound rose from its vastness but a
murmured hum and dim
Like the echoed void of silence in an unheard
prairie hymn;
And I lay at night and rested in my bed of
blankets curled,
Much as if I was the only man in all the world.

But the prairie's passed, or passing, with the
passing of the years,
Till there is no West worth knowing and there
are no pioneers;
They had riddled it with railroads, throbbing
on and on and on,
They had riddled it of dangers till the zest
of it is gone.
And I've saddled up my pony, for I'm dull
and lonesome here,
To go westward, westward, westward, till we
find a new frontier;
To get back to God's own wildness and the
skies we used to know—
But there is no West; it's conquered—and I
don't know where to go.

—J. W. Foley.

HOW TO QUALIFY.

To live the life my father taught,
Of honor, dignity and length;
To do the little things I ought;
To know but not to show my strength;
To make and keep a friend or two,
And show a kindness every day;
To do the work I have to do and do
It in a goodly way;
To earn as much as I may need
For my own wants and little more;

To win perhaps a cheering meed
From her whose praises I labor for;
To do no hurt by thoughtless speech
By careless, cruel look or act;
To learn from whomso'er may teach
The kindly courtesy of tact—
These the ideals to approach,
These be the lessons I must scan;
That I may bear without reproach
The grand old name of Gentleman.

THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE.

"I see positively nothing in life to be happy
about," said the morose man. "My life is a
habit. One dull routine of working, eating,
sleeping, working, eating, sleeping."

Truly there is nothing so dull as only work-
ing, eating, sleeping. And so far the morose
man was right.

But this man was laboring under a delusion
that the zenith of all earthly ambitions is
money and the kind of pleasures it brings.

When work is made a pleasure then it ceases
to be work and is recreation. When one is
not thankful for the bountiful supply of food
on his table then he is not as well off as the
poor peasant who sincerely thanks God for
the crust of black bread between him and

starvation. And sweet are the dreams of him
who is thankful for a shelter and a bed to
rest himself after a hard day's labor.

There are many good things in life that the
millionaire does not perceive as he goes hurtl-
ing along the highway in his ponderous auto.
And these same things are the ones that
make the poor man happy.

Because there is a real pleasure in having
responsibilities and duties. The good things
of life are within reach of all.

We cheat ourselves of the good things of
life by not recognizing them. For the only
good things that are the fruit of heaven,
won by sacrifice and the price of being good
to others and thankful to God.

STICK TO THE FARM.

"Stick to the farm," says the President
To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
Then he hies him back to the White House
With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hies him back on the double-quick
To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm" says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm-fence perch
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise
To those who would break the rut,
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.

THE LADY OF TEARS.

Through the valley and hamlet and city,
Wherever humanity dwells,
With a heart full of infinite pity,
A breast that with sympathy swells,
She walks in her beauty immortal,
Each household grows sad as she nears,
But she crosses at length every portal,
The mystical Lady of Tears.

If never this vision of sorrow
Has shadowed your life in the past,
You will meet her, I know, some tomorrow—
She visits all hearthstones at last.
To hovel, and cottage, and palace,
To servant and king she appears,
And offers the gall of her chalice—
The unwelcome Lady of Tears.

To eyes that have smiled but in gladness,
To the souls that have basked in the sun,
She seems in her garments of sadness
A creature to dread and to shun.
And lips that have drank but of pleasure
Grow pallid and tremble with fears,
As she portions the gall from her measure,
The merciless Lady of Tears.

But in midnight lone hearts that are quaking
With the agonized numbness of grief
Are saved from the torture of breaking
By her bitter-sweet draught of relief.
Oh, then do all graces enfold her,
Like goddess she looks and appears,
And the eyes overflow that behold her—
The beautiful Lady of Tears.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

JUST TO BE TENDER.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,

Just to drive sadness away with a song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest,
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

WHAT'S THE USE.

Did you ever think as the hearse drives by
That it won't be long till you and I
Go riding out in the big plumed hack,
And never remember of coming back?

Did you ever think as you strive for gold,
That a dead man's hand, a dollar can't hold?
That you may pinch and tug, you may strive
and save,
But you may lose it all when you reach the
grave.

And then as for money—

If you save your money, you're a "grouch;"
If you spend it, you're a "loafer;"
If you get it you're a "grafter;"
If you don't get it, you're a "bum,"
So, what is the use?

FACT AND FANCY.

We say that in the morning the sun rises, but it doesn't. It seems to, that's all. The earth appears to be flat, but it isn't. And, too, at first thought you would say that the sky is blue, when it is no such thing. There is no color there at all.

For so many things are not what they seem. We might settle many a perplexing problem in every-day life were we to reason thusly—that half of our troubles are the products of a lively imagination, and that they are not just what they seem.

The trouble with us is that we do not see things as they are. A mariner at sea may think that he is sailing west. In his sense of direction he really is sailing west. But to make sure he takes a look at the compass, and finds that he is sailing in some other direction.

You've had the "blues," we dare say. You

have been dragged to the very depths of despair over nothing. You imagine that the whole world is against you. Some person hates you, you say. You wonder that the world is so cruel.

It isn't; and after you have come to your senses you know that it isn't.

On the great voyage of life there are many storms. We are often thrown out of our course. In unknown waters we lose all sense of direction. We may imagine we are going south when we are going east. But what should we do? Look at our compass.

So when we have the "blues" again, when we are miserable over nothing, when we imagine that the whole world is against us, let's turn to our principle, our compass, which is love reflected in every smiling face on the street, every good thought and every good deed, which tells us that the world is all right and that it is we who have been wrong.

A LOVE POEM.

Sweetheart of the Long Ago,
Time plays many a trick, I trow.
I am sitting in my room
Writing verse—ah—to whom?
Thinking, sweetheart, still of thee
And the land of the was-to-be;
Thinking verses to and of
Thee, my first, my only love;
Talking to my musing self;
Padding poetry for pelf,
If the Then were but the Now!
I am here and where art thou?
Art thou far away from me
Over mountain, over sea?
Dost remember how we played
In the pear tree's pleasant shade?
Dost recall the perfect bliss
Of our stolen pristine kiss,
And remember how we said
That we'd run away and wed?
Need I put in public print
That at which I only hint?
Sweetheart, dost remember how
Deep we loved? Where art thou now?
More and more for thee. Ah, where,
Where—if art at all—art thou?
Answer, sweetheart, answer now!

Comes a voice: "Why, I'm here
In the kitchen, cooking dear."

Time plays many a trick, I trow.
Sweetheart of the Long Ago.

To many a friend both far and near,
In climes though distant yet to memory dear,
I'd fain send a greeting with hearty good
cheer,
While wishing "God speed" through another
New Year.
These holiday times our old memories revive,
And thankful are we to still keep them alive.
Not content though with this, because we
should strive,

To press onward and upward while we freedom
derive.
As a help by the way, as a means to an end,
I beg you accept, some verses I'll send.
May they come to your soul as they've helped
me amend

Views of life and its lessons, its aims and its
end.

St. Paul, Jan., 1908.

Cordially,

J. W. Griggs.

PLEASE SPARE THAT OLD HOME.

There's an old rustic cot that stands in a
square,
For ninety-odd years that cot has stood there;
Surrounded by trees and a fence that is worn,
It's the home of my forefathers, there I was
born.
But misfortune came o'er us, it's hard now to
tell,
The sheriff came in, our old home to sell,
It's then I did weep and my mother did mourn
As I begged them in vain, would they please
spare our home.

CHORUS.

Please spare that old home, please spare it, I
pray;
Don't turn out my mother so feeble and gray.
And my dear loving sister, so sickly and pale;
Auctioneer, auctioneer, won't you please stop
that sale?

You seldom would find a happier lot
Than our little family that dwelt in that cot,
With father and mother, sister, brother and I,
Till sickness came over us and father did die.
My brother left home to find work to do,

But where he had gone to, no one ever knew.
I toiled late and early to keep down the debts,
And I fancy I hear myself pleading them yet.

In vain did I plead, but it was of no avail,
The auctioneer continued to cry on the sale;
And the very next bidder, a man quite un-
known,

He laid down his money, and purchased our
home.

Then mother and sister, with hearts sad and
sore,

Prepared to depart from that old cottage door;
When the stranger spoke up, saying, "Your
sorrow is done,

I return you your home, I am your long lost
son.

Accept a home from me, your long lost son."

CHORUS.

What love and rejoicing was there on that day,
When brother embraced my mother so gray.
With a welcome for me and my sister so frail,
And that put an end to that dread sheriff's
sale.

IMMORTALITY.

Immortal life is something to be earned
By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain,
And patient seeking after higher truths.
We cannot follow our wayward wills,
And feed our baser appetites, and give
Loose rein to foolish tempers year on year,
And then cry, "Lord, forgive me, I believe!"
And straightway bathe in glory. Men must
learn

God's system is too great a thing for that.
The spark divine dwells in each soul, and we
Can fan it to a steady flame of light
Whose luster gilds the pathway to the tomb,
And shines on through eternity; or else
Neglect it till it simmers down to death,
And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
Each conquered passion feeds the living flame;

Each well-borne sorrow is a step toward God.
Faith cannot rescue, and no blood redeem
The soul that will not reason and resolve.
Lean on thyself, yet prop thyself with prayer;
For there are spirits, messengers of light,
Who come at call, and fortify thy strength.
Make friends with them, and with thine inner
self.

Cast out all envy, bitterness, hate,
And keep the mind's fair tabernacle pure.
Shake hands with pain, give greeting unto
grief,
Those angels in disguise, and thy glad soul
From height to height, from star to shining
star,
Shall climb, and climb to blest immortality.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE TOWN OF CONTENT.

Oh, how few of the thousands who travel by
rail,
Or are borne o'er the seas by the strength
of the gale,
And how few of the millions on walking
intent,
Ever safely arrive at the town of content.

Not a man who has wealth and is craving
for more,
Has e'er passed one short day at its beautiful
door;
No one who has aught and not content with
his share,
Since the days of old Adam has ever stopped
there.

Not a man whose poor soul with amb'tion is
filled,
Has the town on his head its sweet odors dis-
tilled.
Not a soul who has fame and not satisfied
quite,
In the Town of Content has e'er slept over
night.

Many journey o'er deserts and valleys for
years,
Through the various countries of both hemis-
pheres,
But alas, when both money and strength have
been spent,
They find they are far from the Town of Con-
tent.

Far beyond the tall Alps with their cold caps
of snow,
And in lands where warm zephyrs unceasingly
blow,
For the roads through its gates men have
looked up and down,
And have died just in sight of the spires of
the town.

So to you who are seeking the town, let me
say,
Though its long looked for street you may
not tread today,
If you ever should find it nearby or afar,
You will find it located just where you are.

THE BLACKEST SIN.

In a big brown school house over the way
The children were asked to tell one day
What each one thought was the greatest sin,
So far as their youthful thoughts had been.

A fair-haired girl, one who answered first,
Thought a "bold, bad boy was about the
worst;"
And the bad boy answered, with saucy wink,
"A stuck-up girl is the worst, I think."

One "reckoned a thief was mighty bad."
And next to that was a "drinking lad."
While another thought that a pirate's life
Was one with the greatest evil rife.

A lie came in for its share of blame,
With hints that it led to a sea of flame;
And a "hold-up man," with his deeds galore,
Was voted the worst by half a score.

Then spoke a boy who, with flashing eyes,
Seemed unconverted by these replies:
"I think that the meanest thing in town
Is to strike a fellow when he is down."

THE VAMPIRE.

A fool there was and he made his prayer—
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair—
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we
waste—
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know—
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent—
(Even as you and I.)
Honor and faith and a sure intent—
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost—
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why—
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide—
(Even as you and I.)
Which she might have seen when she threw
him aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I.)

But it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why—
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And could never understand.
—Rudyard Kipling.

"AFTERWARDS."

After the day has sung its song of sorrow,
And one by one the golden stars appear,
I linger yet, where once we met, beloved,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near.
The flow'rs have fled that blossom'd in the
springtime,
The birds are mute that sang their songs
above;
And though the years have drifted us asunder,
Time cannot break the golden chain of love,
Still we can love, although the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the
silence:
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet
at last."

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sad-
ness,
Sometimes my life grows weary of its pain,
Then, love, I wait and listen to your whisper,
Till fears depart and sunshine comes again.
It cannot be that we should part forever,
That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al-
way;
I hear it yet, although its theme be alter'd,
'Twill reach thy heart and bring thee back
some day.
Love, we can love, although the shadows
gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past.
Come to my heart and whisper through the
silence:
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet
at last."

FRIENDSHIP.

My "friend" you signed yourself, but did you
think
Of all that such a friendship means to me—
To me, who need a true and faithful friend
More than the weary river needs the sea;
More than the faint roses need the fresh'ning
rain,
More than the daybreak needs the sun again?

Say, did you pause and strive to comprehend
Each thought that lingers in the words "your
friend,"
Are you prepared to suffer any pain
By which your sacrifice may prove my gain?
Would you believe in me, should slander's
sword
Be the strong weapon 'gainst my simple word?

Are you prepared to stand by me through ill,
And in misfortune be my true friend still?
Or are you but a friend while fair days
shine?
While happiness, and love, and youth are
mine?
Nay, I must plead, if even such you be,
"I greatly need your friendship—give it to
me."

WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare,
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunity is past,
And break our "alabaster box
Of ointment" at the very last!

Oh, let us heed the loving friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for look of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

I know of a dear, delightful land,
Which is not so far away,
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand;
No matter how short the day;
Ah, there the skies are always blue,
And hearts forget to grieve,
For there's never a dream but must come true
In the Land of Make-Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass;
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
As the dewdrops in the grass;
For there's nothing beautiful, brave and bold
That one may not achieve
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold
Of the Land of Make-Believe!

So spread the sails, and away we go
Light-winged thro' the fairy straits;
For the west winds steadily, swiftly blow
And the wonderful harbor waits.
On our prow the foam-flecks glance and gleam,
'While we sail from morn till eve,
All bound for the shores of the children's
dream
Of the Land of Make-Believe!

THE SPRING POET AND THE EDITOR.

Glad to see ye, Mr. Editor,
It's somethin' of a spell
Since I see ye when yer lookin'
So hearty an' so well.
I s'pose yer not so busy since
In business there's a lull.
It's usual this time o' year,
'Thet everythin' is dull.
Yes, thank ye, I'm feelin' tolerable,
I skursly kin complain,
I'm feeling like a fightin' cock
With nary ache or pain.
An' why should folks go to the coast
The weather here is fine,
Pacific states may be all right,
It's North Dakota fer mine.
I've got a hunch we're goin' to hev
An extra early spring,
These balmy days it seems ter me
I hear the robins sing.
I'm pretty sure it's nothing' but
Spring fever in my veins,
I'm also sure I hev a lot
Of poetry in my brains.

If ever man wrote poetry,
It's always in the spring
And thet's what ails me now instead
Of hearin' robins sing.
I've had a hunch the crop this spring
Of poets will be great,
For North Dakota truly is
A most poetic state.
An' so I thought I'd call around
An' be in plenty o' time
An' see if you would like the chance
Ter print this dope of mine.
The cost of livin's been so high,
I've had to live on hash,
An' so I'm bringin' you this dope
Because I need some cash.
When J. J. Somers left, I thought
I'd hev my sailin' clear,
But now I realize I must
Compete with Bessie Grier.
So if you like ter print my dope
Jest start in right away;
I'll bring some more next time I come
Thank ye, Sir, good day.

—G. E. Wright.

STILL AND FOR AYE LOVERS.

"You are still a youth to me, John;
You are still my bonny beau;
The same as when we plighted troth
Full fifty years ago!
The same as when our wedding bells
Rang out as glad and gay."
And here the good wife breathed a sigh,
And shook her locks of gray.

"It seemeth strange to me, John,
Who married you for aye,
Who hold the ring you gave me as
The apple of my eye.
To see the youngsters ne'er content
To give their hearts and hands,
As we did in the good old times,
Without scrip and lands!

"I didn't bring you much, John,
And you had little more;
But we had health in place of wealth,
And plenteous love in store.
And through the joys and strife, dear,
We each one did our part;
And now we've one another still,
As we had in the start.

"The times have sadly changed, John,
Since you and I were young;
The marriage tie is lightly held
And many a heart is wrung.
And yet you're young to me, John,
And still my bonny beau;
The same as when we plighted troth
Full fifty years ago!"

WITHOUT YOU.

Without you, love, the day would hold no light;
The kindly stars would vanish from the night;
The flowers would forget to wake at morn;
The rose die sleeping, leaving but the thorn,—
Without you.

Without you, love, no promise would be bright;
Hope's golden sun would darken at its height;
The world of all its glory would be shorn,
And I should be a wanderer, forlorn,—
Without you.

HER ANSWER.

An Atchison girl had a proposal of marriage Sunday night and asked a week to think it over. She went to all of her married sisters. One, who used to be a belle, had three children, did all her own work and hadn't been to the theater or out riding since she was married. Another, whose husband was a promising young man at the time she was married,

was supporting him. A third didn't dare say her life was her own when her husband was around, and a fourth was divorced. After visiting them and hearing their woes, the heroine of this little tale went home, got pen, ink and paper and wrote an answer to the young man. You may think it was refusing him, but it wasn't. She said she could be ready in a month.—Atchison Globe.

"OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT."

"Out of the darkness into the light;"
Never was word of promise more bright,
Never came sound to listening ear,
Or waiting heart, more thrilling and clear,
Nerving the soul for its onward flight,
Than "Out of the darkness into the light."

Only the folding of hands and feet,
And closing of eyes in slumber sweet;
Only the stopping of painful breath,
Only the touch of the hand of Death;
Only the Master's call of might,
And "Out of the darkness into the light."

Out of the shadows of sorrow and care,
Out of the blackness of doubt and despair;
Out of the harrowing, constant, strife,
Out of the wearying toils of life;
Out of the reach of foes within,
Out of the withering touch of sin.

Into the certain hope of the just,
Into the fulness of joy and trust;
Into the calmness of spirit-peace,
Into the rest where labors shall cease;
Into the regions of guilt untrod;
Into the smile and presence of God.

Watchers, pale watchers, who wearily stand,
Longing for sight of the better land,
Look up, o'er the darkness and gloom, to the
star,
Of promise that gleams in the distance afar;
For surely He cometh—the dawning bright—
And "Out of the darkness into the light."

WHAT A WOMAN IS THINKING ABOUT.

From Adam's arrival in this wicked world
To the wonderful age we are in;
Our wise men have shattered some pretty hard
nuts,
And also committed much sin,
But one of the problems that's baffled them all,
And has put all their science to rout,
Is something concerning the sex we adore,
What a woman is thinking about.

Her lips may be saying a host of sweet things;
And her eyes with true love be enshrined;
Her lover may think that he knows every
thought
In her gentle and feminine mind;
But the very next breath her mood is trans-
formed,
And she's having a mystical pout;
All, all of love's logic cannot make it clear,
What a woman is thinking about.

Her eyes may be laughing at something we
wear,
And her face may be solemn as death;
Her tongue may be wagging on forty-odd
themes
Till she's really gasping for breath;
But the wisdom and science of all the world
Isn't able to clearly find out
What flits through her mind, or can even sur-
mise
What a woman is thinking about.

SAY YOU LOVE ME, SWEETHEART.

(SONG.)

I'm so lonesome, day and night,
I don't now what to do,
Longing for the rare delight
Of being near to you.
Just sit 'round and dream all day,
Dream all day of you,
Longing just to hear you say
That you love me, too.

As the days grow into years,
Still I'm pining, dear, for you;
Still from lonesomeness my tears
Gather with the twilight dew.
I am longing for you, dear—
For you, dear, alone;
Longing your sweet voice to hear
And your sweet heart to own.

(CHORUS.)

Say you love me, sweetheart—
Say it, sweetheart, do;
Say we nevermore shall part,
Say that you'll be true.
Listen to my sighing heart—
I'm in love with you;
Say you love me, sweetheart;
Say it, sweetheart, do.

CALLING ACROSS THE VOID.

Where the waves of death lap the shores of
life

We wandered—my love and I:
Hand clasped in hand, of life's borderland.

We whispered our sad good bye.
Into the bark of the oarsman, death.
She stepped all alone, alone,
And passed from my sight, in the darkness of
night,
To the land of the great unknown.

I stretch forth my arms, and cry in despair,
"Return, oh, return to me."
And I look through my tears, as my love dis-
appears
In the mists of eternity.

I know it is well, for He knoweth best
Who hath taken her into His care;
But the tears will keep starting, for the sorrow
of parting
Seems greater than I can bear.

Be courageous, oh soul, submissive, oh heart,
For a wisdom far wiser than mine,
Has called her away from the life of a day
To the joys of a Presence divine.

She is led by a Hand that is gentler than mine,
And called by a Voice sweeter far,
To a home that is sure and a life that is pure
Inside the gates ajar.

And that bark will return in God's own time,
Return with a summons for me;
And bear me above to my love, my love,
O'er the waves of the mystic sea.

THE HERO.

There's one man whom each man forgives
For all his follies and mistakes.
One man whom each man while he lives
Excuses for the hearts he breaks.

This man by every man is thought
To have far less than he deserves.
No matter how his gains are sought
Or how from righteousness he swerves.

To every man he seems to be
More able and more wise, by far,
From little weaknesses more free
Than other mortals ever are.

To every man there is one man
Who seems to have been born to lead,
And molded on a better plan
Than ever other was, indeed.

One man to every man seems great,
Or be he Ghibelline or Gueff;
'Tis needless, probably, to state,
That this sublime one is himself.

"NEAR THE BANKS OF THAT LONE RIVER"

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.
How we met and loved and parted
None on earth can ever know,
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed that mourn'd one years ago.

Like the streams with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow.
'Till in heav'n I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.
Hearts that love like mine forget not,
They're the same in weal or woe,
And the star of mem'ry sets not
In the grave of years ago.

CHORUS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

AH, LEAVE ME NOT!

Ah, leave me not, sweetheart, so soon
To lonely thought and wistful sighs!
The night is young. Behold the moon
Hath not yet climbed the eastern skies!
Tell me again love's rosary
Of sweet words, low and soft;
A thousand times, it could not be
By thy lips told too oft.

Ah, leave me not! With thee away,
Sad thoughts of ill my heart affright,
And pleasure scorns the fairest day
Until thy presence makes it bright;
'Tis but a moment since we met,
So, sweetheart, bide a wee,
And in thy love let me forget
Thy parting soon to be.

Crusty—Want to marry my daughter, eh?
Well, all I can say is, go and get a repu-
tation.

Dasherly—Excuse me, sir, but am I dealing
with a gentleman or a prize fighter?—New
York Evening Journal.

Though wrong may win, its victory is brief,
The tides of good at first no passage find;
Each surge breaks, shattered, on the sullen
Yet still the infinite ocean comes behind.

The road of Right has neither turn nor bend,
It stretches straight unto the highest goal;
Hard, long, and lonely?—Yes, yet never soul
Can lose its way therein, nor miss the way.

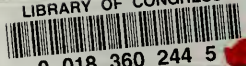
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